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SIR PHILIP MITCHELL on MAU MAU

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The Sun Also Rises

THE sooner Moscow formally accepts the West's invitation to Four-Power talks, the better. The longer the delay in fixing the date and place for a meeting "at the summit," the greater the risk that one side or the other will compromise what Sir Anthony Eden, last Saturday, called "an excellent send-off for the programme of work which lies ahead." Already Mr. John Foster Dulles has provoked a "retort discourteous" from Moscow. In his televised report to President Eisenhower last week, the Secretary of State dwelt tactlessly on the extent to which Western strength, after the ratification of the Paris Agreements, had "paid off" in Russian concessions over Austria. He went on to say that the settlement reached in Vienna inspired hopes of solving future problems, which he listed as: (1) the integration of Germany; (2) reduction of armaments; (3) the "satellite countries"; (4) international Communism—"such a pest all around the world."

The result of this thinking aloud was a prickly article in last Sunday's *Pravda*, which could not have been published without official approval. Mr. Dulles's last two points were described as a demand for the restoration of the old regimes in Eastern Europe, and a ban on Communist parties in all capitalist countries. After this counter-barrage, *Pravda* went on to impugn Western sincerity in the whole matter of Four-Power negotiations. Had the Western Note not been designed primarily to help the British Tory Party win an electoral victory? Why, if it really wanted the talks, was the West making difficulties about Vienna as a *venue*? Above all, what purpose would be served by top-level talks limited to a few days' mere "conversations about negotiations?"

The Russian retort need not be taken too seriously; sensitive feelings—to order—are a speciality of *Pravda*. Moreover, Mr. Dulles had "asked for it." It is quite true that if the question arises of a "neutral belt" in Central Europe, the genuineness of the independence enjoyed by Communist member States is a factor to be considered; and it is fair to say that "peaceful co-existence" implies not merely the suspension of counter-revolutionary activities financed by the U.S., but also the sincere renunciation by the U.S.S.R. of efforts to use local Communist parties to subvert established governments. On the other hand, no rational person in the West would claim to have the right to dictate the nature of the constitution of any European country. Mr. Dulles suggested in his broadcast that the "contagion of freedom" in Austria might spread to Hungary and Czechoslovakia. No one would be more pleased than we to see greater liberalism in those regimes; but freedom cannot be imposed from outside, and the less Mr. Dulles thinks aloud on such lines, the better prospect for liberty. He appears to assume that he cannot sell to his supporters at home any settlement which could not be represented as some sort of a "victory" for American strength. How much victory does he think the American public will demand? He seemed to imply that he regarded the achievement at Vienna in that light. If this be all he wants, well and good. If, on the contrary, the demand is for a sensational Russian climb-down, the prospects of agreement are remote.

Nevertheless there are good omens. In his glosses on Mr. Dulles's report, Mr. Eisenhower gave clear indications that he recognised how greatly the climate of opinion has changed both in the U.S.S.R. and also in the U.S., where the public has become desperately anxious for a "breather" from the tension of cold war. "A new dawn may be coming," he said at the end, "even if the sun rises very slowly." Moreover, at his last press conference, though he observed that a "neutral belt" would raise the awkward problem of Bonn's withdrawal from Nato, he refrained from summarily rejecting the idea. The sun does rise.

The News in Review

International

MR. KRISHNA MENON, who has now returned to Delhi from Peking, is expected to visit London and Washington early next month. His mission is of great importance, since it was undertaken with the full knowledge of both the White House and Downing Street. The public has not even yet generally realised that Chou En-lai's proposals for talks with the U.S. about the Formosan situation did no more than hold out the prospects of a settlement by negotiation. Peking has never for a moment withdrawn from its claim to Formosa, nor has Washington done more than concede—and that only by implication—that the Americans would not defend the off-shore islands. In effect, therefore, Mr. Menon has been an unofficial emissary seeking a basis for agreement between Washington and Peking. It seems clear that he has suggested that the Chinese nationalists should withdraw from the off-shore islands and end the bombardment and blockade of the Chinese mainland; that Peking should no longer threaten the forcible seizure of Formosa, and that an international conference of persons acceptable to both Peking and Washington should be set up with a view to appointing a provisional government for Formosa. This provisional government might perhaps consist of the Colombo Powers.

THE ultra-cautious line which Mr. Dulles took at his press conference on May 24 about the "ambiguous word" neutrality was presumably intended as a reassurance to Dr. Adenauer, whose Ambassador in Washington (now, with his colleagues from London and Paris, at Bonn) is said to have alarmed the Chancellor by reports that President Eisenhower was more than half inclined to favour the suggestion that Germany might form part of a "neutral belt" in Central Europe. This, of course, was reading much more than was warranted into the President's evident disinclination to reject the idea out of hand. As Mr. Dulles observed, the Austrian solution, with no ceiling on the armed forces which the Government in Vienna may raise, could not be applied precisely to a united, "independent" Germany. But, as the Secretary of State admitted, "neutrality" is a word capable of definition in several ways.

Overseas

PLANNING to send to Parliament this weekend the first of the Bills required to raise armed forces in the Federal Republic, Dr. Adenauer clearly intends to present his Western allies with *faits accomplis* as quickly as possible, before talk about a "neutral belt" in Europe gathers momentum. The Federal Government has made it clear that it will have nothing to do with this conception: this is not its notion of how to achieve the reunification of Germany. In taking this line, the Chancellor has received—somewhat surprisingly—support from Herr Ollenhauer, the leader of the Socialists; but the Conservative press in Western Germany is critical of Dr. Adenauer for his "rigid dogmatism" in the matter: the retreat of the Red Army eastwards, it is argued, would be a worthwhile gain.

Meanwhile, no progress has been made in securing a reduction of the prohibitive tolls on road traffic to Berlin which uses the Autobahn in the Soviet zone. When the matter was raised by the Western High Commissioners, Mr. Pushkin, the Russian, declined to intervene, stating that this was a matter which the Governments of the Federal Republic and the Democratic Republic must settle between them.

AUSTRIAN opinion, writes a Vienna correspondent, is reacting angrily to Bonn's complaints that the State Treaty should have alienated permanently—except in the case of small properties—the "former German assets." Apart from the fact that Austria has to pay $150m. to the U.S.S.R. for the U.S.I.A. enterprises—more, perhaps, than they are worth—the Federal Republic appears to be ignoring the heavy losses which Germany inflicted on Austria, after the *Anschluss*, in the matters of gold reserves and social security funds appropriated by Hitler's Government—not to mention the bonds pumped into Austrian banks and insurance companies. The talk in some German papers of reprisals against Austria in the field of tourism—notwithstanding the fact that Bonn formally renounced, in the Paris Agreements, all claim to the assets in Austria—has caused indignation in Vienna.

THE Indonesians have now issued an effective reply to the Dutch request for Mr. Curtis-Bennett, Q.C., to be allowed to go to Jakarta to defend the 35 Dutchmen accused of various forms of subversion. Their statement throws a new light on the version of the story published by the Dutch shortly after their request for a visa for Mr. Curtis-Bennett. The Indonesians point out that the matter at issue is not whether they have been dilatory in granting a visa, but whether there was any case at all for permitting an English lawyer to appear on behalf of Dutchmen in Indonesia. The High Court has now considered and rejected the application. We can certainly think of no precedents for the request that a lawyer of country A, who is not a member of the Bar of country B, should be briefed on behalf of the nationals of country C. Meanwhile, the trial itself has been once more adjourned, this time until May 27. The chief defence counsel, Mr. Bouman, suddenly left the country without warning and under an assumed name; he has since arrived in Holland. The Indonesian press has taken up the matter vigorously, and is suggesting that Mr. Bouman may have been embarrassed by accusations made against him by the chief witness for the defence. It is now to be hoped that some competent Dutch or Indonesian lawyer will be briefed for the defence, and that the case, which has been repeatedly postponed, will be completed without further delays.

GENERAL ELY'S request to be relieved of his post as Commissioner-General in Saigon clearly betokens his recognition that ill-conceived U.S. intervention and contradictory French policies have combined to create in South Vietnam an irretrievable mess. While the Revolutionary Committee—now apparently well permeated by Vietminh Communists—is preparing for the declaration of a republic, Nationalist, American-backed Premier Dinh Diem is jailing his opponents and mounting a massive offensive against the Hoa Hao sect in the western districts of the country. In this anarchy and bloodshed, there can be little doubt that the common people are increasingly looking to Ho Chi Minh for salvation and the unity of Vietnam. But will the promised elections ever be held?

FOLLOWING the protests of the professors of Pretoria University, the decision to remobilise the Torch Commando in South Africa is an encouraging sign of mounting opposition to the Bill to pack the Senate as a step to removing the Cape Coloured voters from the Common Roll. When the Bill was debated, this week, in the House of Assembly, Dr. Dönges, the Minister of the Interior, did little to commend the merits of this measure. As the Opposition leader, Mr. Strauss, pointed out, the precedents of the threats by British Governments to create new peers in 1831 and 1911, are irrelevant. There is no question in South Africa of the will of the Lower House being obstructed by the Upper. What Mr. Strijdom and his colleagues are patently doing is to circumvent the constitution and establish a one-party State by a trick which deprives large sections of the country of any representation in the Senate.

At Home

AS the election campaign ended on Wednesday night, the impression was confirmed that 1955 will be remembered as the quietest general election since 1929. The weightiest individual blows on each side were probably struck by the Prime Minister, in his final TV appearance (which William Salter describes on another page), and by the *Daily Mirror's* injunction to Vote Labour And Keep The Tories Tame—an exceedingly clever slogan which managed to benefit the Labour Party without associating the *Mirror* too closely with an apparently losing cause. "Stunts" of any real magnitude were few. The mock ration book, widely (though unofficially) distributed by the Tories, may certainly be described as dirty fighting, but it was not apparent, at least before the poll, that it had been particularly effective; while it is difficult to believe that the *Daily Sketch* scare of a conspiracy to establish Mr. Bevan as Prime Minister in the event of a Labour victory convinced anybody outside the lunatic fringe of its own readers. On the Labour side, an attempt was made by a number of candidates to saddle the Tories with sole responsibility for the H-bomb. But since this line of argument was so palpably at variance with the attitude of the party leaders, the public seems, shrewdly enough, to have reached the conclusion that this, at least, was not an election issue. Finally, election morning was blessed in the traditional manner by Dr. Gallup, who announced through the *News Chronicle* a Tory lead over Labour of 3½ points—which, if the decided voters vote and the doubtfuls abstain, might imply a Tory majority of somewhere about 80 seats.

LAUNCHED without adequate funds, and dependent for success on the instinctive, stubborn solidarity of port-workers, the strike which the Stevedores began on Monday was a rash move in a dispute for whose deplorable climax none of the parties concerned can be absolved from blame. The size of the stoppage—over 18,000 out—suggested that the "blue-card" union had more backing in northern ports than the T. & G.W. leadership is ready to admit; but to call a strike was not calculated to win the employers' support for the N.A.S.D.'s claim for representation on the joint negotiating machinery. It was more likely to persuade them to regard the Transport Workers as the sole repository of reasonableness.

The T. & G.W., with its demand for the return

of 10,000 "poached" members, was claiming monopoly rights in dockers' organisation which many port-workers are clearly reluctant to give it. Splinter unions are admittedly not to the workers' interests; but the N.A.S.D.—whose growth is due to dissatisfaction with the unwieldy "white-card" union—is an entity whose existence cannot be ignored or readily crushed. Saying that this was a purely inter-union conflict and not their concern, the employers chose the part of Gallio; and T.U.C. moves to mediate proved ineffective.

By mid-week, however, it was clear that the N.A.S.D. leaders were desperately anxious to discover a formula which would enable them to call off the strike without too much loss of face—or membership. They could hardly be expected to "give back" the ten thousand to the T. & G.W.—even if the men were willing to be the subjects of this sort of football league transfer. But it seemed probable that the T.U.C. could get from the N.A.S.D. reasonable pledges to observe the "no poaching" rules of the Bridlington Agreement, provided the blue union were given a seat at the table with the white union and the employers in northern ports, as well as in London, where it now enjoys that right. Otherwise it could not hope to hold, on the Mersey or elsewhere, such new members as it had legitimately recruited. Mr. Newman's declaration on Wednesday evening "things were devoloping favourably" seemed to be based on the hope that, with the strike as solid as ever, the employers would agree to recognise the N.A.S.D.—despite the T. & G.W.

As we go to press inter-union rivalry was also complicating Sir Walter Monckton's efforts to avert a rail stoppage. The T.U.C.'s attempts to get the two unions together in order to frame a common "differentials" policy governing drivers, firemen, signalmen and other skilled trades, had not succeeded. Failing that, the one sensible course, the Transport Commission was understandably reluctant to improve on its last, rather grudging, offer lest the result be fresh determination on the part of the N.U.R. to outbid the A.S.L.E.F.

When the talks between the unions and the Transport Commission broke down at the end of last week, the amount of money immediately involved was not considerable. The A.S.L.E.F. had claimed for *all* footplate crews, drivers *and* firemen, advances ranging from 1s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. a week. The Commission's final offer was to introduce a mileage allowance payable after 80 miles (instead of, as at present, 140 miles) a day, and to pay an extra 5s. a week to drivers on the more important trains (about 10 per cent. of the men) and 2s. 6d. a week to other drivers except those on shunting duties. Firemen would not get any increase at all, nor would 30 per cent. of the drivers. This proved quite unacceptable to the A.S.L.E.F.; and the offer was also rejected by the N.U.R., though its members were told by the Executive not to strike—an order which explains the A.S.L.E.F.'s refusal of joint talks.

It was announced in London during the week that negotiations are in progress for Hatchards, the booksellers, to take over the wholesale bookselling firm of Simpkin Marshall, Ltd., which ceased trading two months ago and has now been compulsorily wound up. Provided Hatchards succeed, as is their declared intention, in continuing the service which Simpkin Marshall have in the past provided for the smaller retail bookseller, the announcement makes a satisfactory end to a story which might have ended in many small booksellers being driven out of business, with deplorable consequences for the book trade.

From Our Correspondents Abroad

Paris

Political Stirrings

Our Paris Correspondent writes: There are signs that the political immobility in which the Assembly has been frozen since the fall of Mendès-France is coming to an end. At the Palais Bourbon the calm remains absolute, but beneath the surface old issues are stirring, and M. Faure's majority is creaking and groaning under the strain. In the Cabinet there is the vexed question of M. Monnet's successor, which has been awaiting a solution since February. M. Pinay's choice, which is backed by the M.R.P., is to ask M. Monnet, as a special favour, to stay at his post; since M. Monnet is thought to be the author of this proposal, the favour would presumably be granted. M. Faure, however, is unwilling to antagonise his Gaullist supporters by publicly abasing himself before their arch-enemy; besides, he has a candidate of his own—M. René Mayer, who is already causing the Government some anxiety in North Africa, and who will undoubtedly cause much more unless other interests can be found for him.

Mm. Faure and Pinay are at loggerheads on a number of other points, notably M. Pinay's attempts to purge the Quai d'Orsay of its *Mendèsiste* and "Anti-European" elements. M. Pinay also objects to M. Faure's habit of making statements on important foreign policy issues without previous consultation with the Quai d'Orsay, particularly when these contradict M. Pinay's own public views. Again, M. Pinay, who is anxious to consolidate the new M.R.P.-Independent alliance, is becoming increasingly irritated by M. Faure's strict neutralism on "European" questions. Finally, there is the eternal question of Germany; there are at least six definitions of "neutrality" in the Cabinet, and Ministers are arguing the point with all the animosity and venom of their elders at the Académie Française.

Outside the Government, every week brings fresh evidence that French politics are entering a period of flexibility. The second ballot of the cantonal elections in the Herault produced appreciable Socialist and C.P. gains and confirmed the trend towards Popular Front tactics at a local level; again, at the Toulon municipal elections, the S.F.I.O.-C.P. majority emerged strengthened, despite the fact that the Socialist Right Wing campaigned for the Radical-Independent bloc. There are, furthermore, persistent reports that a major policy debate is being conducted within the C.P. and C.G.T., and that the "Reformist" wing is in the ascendent. Next month's C.G.T. conference, it is believed, will confirm this hypothesis, and the summer is expected to produce some surprising and embarrassing offers of friendship from the C.P.

The problem which confronts the Socialist leaders is that they have not much in the way of a programme to compete with the obvious charms of working-class unity, and evidence of their anxiety was provided last week by the creation of an inter-party study group under the chairmanship of M. Pineau. It consists of S.F.I.O. "Europeans," plus a sprinkling of M.R.P. and international bureaucrats, and it is designed not only to arrest the Popular Front trend within the S.F.I.O. but also to spike M. Mendès-France's guns by providing a rival attraction on the Left-Centre. Compared with the Mendès-France machine, however, it is a distinctly amateurish project. In any case, as last week's M.R.P. conference showed, there is now less chance than ever of preserving the S.F.I.O.-M.R.P. alliance on a nation-wide scale. The M.R.P. has clearly learnt nothing, forgotten nothing and forgiven nobody. Still lamenting E.D.C., and obsessed by their hatred for Mendès-France, its leaders are goading themselves further and further to the Right. Even the most obdurate S.F.I.O. "Europeans" are becoming alarmed by this political neuroticism and are looking around for healthier—and more profitable—electoral allies. They are unlikely to find them outside the *Mendèsiste* camp.

New Delhi

Towards the "Socialist Pattern"?

A Correspondent in India writes: Does Mr. Nehru's Bill, amending the Indian Constitution, mark a real shift in emphasis towards social justice? The test will be the use made of the wider powers it gives the Government to restrict private property. The amendment became necessary because of the structure of the Indian Constitution. The "Directive Principles of State Policy" (securing social, economic and political justice) are laid down in one chapter of the Constitution, and the "Fundamental Rights" in another. However admirable both these sound, it has become apparent that the achievement of one can be hindered by the other. Indeed, fundamental rights can be, and frequently have been, safeguarded by the Supreme Court, even at the expense of declaring invalid laws passed by Parliament. The amendment Bill is taken to indicate that Mr. Nehru's Government intends to take the Directive Principles seriously enough in future to curtail, if need be, the rights of property. This interpretation has been reinforced by the publicity given to the Bill as the first step towards implementing the Congress Party's election slogan of moving towards "a Socialistic pattern of society."

Originally drafted by the Government to allow payment of less than full compensation for land which is acquired to implement specific reforms, the Bill was considerably widened in scope by a Select Committee. This recommended an amendment stating in terms that the Courts would not question, on the grounds of inadequate compensation, any act acquiring property for public purposes. The obvious justification for the Bill was that there was not enough money to pay full compensation for the large-scale acquisition necessary for effective land reform. But, when he first spoke on the Bill, Mr. Nehru gave a reason which went beyond expediency: it was wrong in principle, he said, to pay full compensation for property acquired in order to reduce inequality, for the inequality then remained.

The Bill was adopted with Ministers repeatedly emphasising that there was nothing in it to prevent payment of full compensation, and this was assured whenever possible. Mr. Nehru spoke on the need to give priority to production, without which there would not be enough to divide fairly. The applause he received was faint compared to the sympathetic cheers answering his earlier question—was he expected to make the suffering peasant appreciate the Latin-phrased constitutional niceties which came between him and justice? Even with constitutional obstacles removed, a less rhetorical question remained unanswered—would the peasant agree to remain hungry until the sensitive profit motive of the private investor was satisfied?

The TV Election—Round Three

"It's been wonderful coming into your homes." But has it been so wonderful for us having them in our homes? On what actually took place during the election campaign on TV and sound the verdict seems to me quite clear-cut: the Tories won; not by anything like a knockout but by a fair number of points. On sound alone the contest was pretty even. Mr. Morrison was impressive; so, too, was Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. Of Mr. Attlee's performance on the air the less said the better: Child Clement to the Dark Tower came all right, but he brought no slug-horn with him; what dauntless to his lips he set was something about as powerful and ringing as a recorder. In fact, Mr. Attlee sounded very tired; and his script was lamentable: time and again it was borne home to one that he could not bear to use a word of one syllable if he could find another of three or more to do the job.

He had been more effective on TV; Dr. Summerskill and Mr. Wilson were still more so; but what of the Labour Party's television *Election Round-up*? Mr. William Pickles put questions to Mr. Morrison, Mr. Gaitskell, Lady Megan Lloyd George and Mr. Callaghan. It promised well, and it had its moments; yet I feel one is bound to say it failed because it got completely out of hand, the result, as I should guess, of inadequate production, though there were other factors involved. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell were bent on being elder statesmen together, Lady Megan had the giggles, while Mr. Callaghan was all for calling Sir Anthony Eden to come outside and take his jacket off. Good rousing stuff for Labour voters perhaps, but so far as my Tory companions were concerned, altogether too brash and cock-sure.

The fatal thing, though, was the bonhomie engendered as the programme went on. One can only hope it continued when the programme was over and it was realised that the last of Lady Megan's irrepressible interventions had quite ruined Mr. Morrison's final peroration. Now bonhomie of this kind has become one of the great curses of radio, whether TV or sound. It is only bearable on panel games, and it almost always seems false. Its effect on viewers is to make them think that the performers are either altogether too pleased with themselves or that they can turn the bonhomie off and on like tap-water. I think one must admit that on this occasion the distinguished performers made an exhibition of themselves; and in the course of doing so they managed to talk of foreign affairs for roughly a minute only, and then, it almost seemed, as an after-thought. And they said nothing at all about the Labour Party's agricultural policy, an astonishing blunder of omission it would seem to me, considering the medium they were using; for television is probably much more important to those country-dwellers who possess it than to townees.

An exhibition was precisely what Sir Anthony Eden did not make of himself. This was surely the most successful of all the political telecasts. It was a superb achievement, and it would be less than generous not to mention the difficulty of Sir Anthony's task. To sit at a table in front of the cameras and talk for fifteen minutes, alone and without aids of any kind, is no light job. Its difficulty is proved by the fact that its success is so infrequent. Even Mr. Orson Welles, in his solo performances, acts on the assumption, right or wrong, that he must from time to time show us pages of his sketch-book.

Sir Anthony merely talked. He had no idiosyncrasies; he used no memorable phrases; indeed, what he had to say was as far removed from oratory as may be imagined. And he certainly wasn't going outside to mix it with Mr. Callaghan: the enemy were "our Socialist friends." His script I thought excellent, absolutely right for the man, for he was depending on the authority of a famous name and face which for years now have managed to suggest that their possessor is, in some mysterious way, above the day-to-day party struggle. It was impressive and persuasive. We were, in fact, watching the one man among the party leaders who is a television star; and I suspect, after last Saturday's appearance, that those members of his party who are all for jockeying him out of office as soon as decency permits, are by now thinking again.

All the same, have we witnessed a television election? I notice in the press as a whole a general air of relief that the impact of TV has been less than was anticipated. I think this is to draw wrong conclusions. What the election has shown, it seems to me, is that both parties are still scared of the new medium, so much so indeed that neither made anything like a completely determined effort to exploit it. They were as restrained as they dared to be. And, of course, they are right to be scared of the medium: it will be disastrous for us all if the most important qualification for political leadership becomes the possession of the kind of personality which is successful on television.

I imagine that both parties have had a tacit agreement not to go to town on television this election. Certainly neither has made the use of the television personalities it possesses that it could quite legitimately have done. Indeed, one is forced to think it has deliberately refused to do so. How otherwise is one to explain the neglect, by the Tories, of Sir Robert Boothby and of Mr. Mayhew by the Labour Party? During the last Parliament I suspect these two M.P.s have been those best known to television audiences. In my view—and I am trying to be impartial—I would think the notion in the public mind of a Tory Party cast in the image of Sir Robert Boothby would be a formidable one. Sir Robert did not appear in this TV election.

Or take the case of Mr. Mayhew. He is associated with a series of informed programmes, the *sine qua non* of which is objectivity, fairness—programmes on the great religions of the world, on the differences between Communism and the West, and so on. He talks well; he is good-looking; he has an attractive air of diffident earnestness which he carries rather like a spiritual cricket bat under his arm. It was surely self-abnegation almost to the point of quixotism in the Labour Party not to have used Mr. Mayhew on television. As it is, we saw on both sides the stock figures of the party leaders. Stock figures evoke stock responses. It is idle to speculate what might have happened had we been allowed to see others; to see Mr. Michael Foot, for example, who is also well-known to the television public. The parties preferred caution.

But one thing seems certain: there will not be another television election like this one. This, assuming the new Parliament lasts as long as the last, will serve as no precedent at all. By the time the next election takes place we shall have, in addition to a second B.B.C. television programme, half a dozen or more commercial stations centred on the most densely populated areas of the country. No doubt we shall see the party leaders on the national networks. Shall we also see the local candidates on the local stations? If we do, then local issues may once again become important in politics; and we may return to something much more like the old spirit of the hustings than anything we have seen in this election.

WILLIAM SALTER

What Next in Kenya?

WHAT is now official policy in Kenya? Last week's hopes that mass surrenders would end the bloodshed have been shattered; all we have is another dreary announcement that intensified military operations have been launched, that now is the time to "hit the enemy whenever and wherever we can," since many terrorists are "sick of fighting and would willingly surrender if it were not for their leaders." All this is familiar stuff: we shall hear of more "generals" being killed, of further crowds of suspects added to the 50,000 already in detention camps, and of more hangings for offences like carrying arms, or aiding and associating with terrorists. We may even, in some months' time, be told that Mau Mau is crushed. Presumably, if enough Kikuyu are killed, this must happen some day. But what future will even that hold out for Kenya?

The conclusion of the remarkable article we publish this week from Sir Philip Mitchell, Governor of Kenya from 1944 to 1952, points to the only constructive and hopeful lines of policy. No one is better qualified to speak on the subject. He emphasises correctly the strangest aspect of the sinister Mau Mau movement: it is not—at any rate in its present phase—primarily an anti-White campaign; it is a civil war among Kikuyu, in which some thirty Europeans have been murdered, while many thousands of Kikuyu have been killed by their fellow tribesmen. The second peculiarity of Mau Mau is its retrograde character. Its obscene and loathsome rites, to which Sir Philip refers, have the purpose, apparently, of so contaminating the individual who takes one of the oaths that he can never regain his self-respect, or be free of Mau Mau guilt. Bearing to the Kikuyu religion much the same relation as Black Mass once did to the Catholic, they are the instrument by which the designing priests of witchcraft hope to gain control over the Kikuyu people. It is impossible to disagree with the view, which Sir Philip expresses, that such a movement must be stamped out.

But why has natural and legitimate nationalism in Kenya ever become tainted by this lapse into barbarism? If a large proportion of the Kikuyu people had not suffered from almost intolerable grievances, Mau Mau could never have attracted mass support. At intervals, during the last three years of fighting, the Government and the more liberal settlers, under the leadership of Mr. Blundell, have recognised the necessity of reforms if there is ever to be peace in Kenya. Sir Philip refers

hopefully to the forthcoming report of the Royal Commission on Land and Population, which was appointed at his instance. No one doubts that ownership by Europeans of land which the Africans believe to be theirs is at the root of Kikuyu discontents. Other grievances—including wages at near-starvation level, over-population of the Reserves, the Nairobi slums, the crop restrictions imposed on Africans, the humiliating colour bar—all these have been constantly admitted by thoughtful people. Sir Philip is wholly right in calling for a new "spirit and determination" in giving effect to policies of reform, on the land and elsewhere, which "will be seen by all peoples in the Colony . . . to be just and wise."

The chief difficulty is that any adequate programme of reform invokes bitter opposition from the more extreme settlers. Proposals for fair African representation on the Legislative Council are drowned under shrill cries of protest against enfranchising terrorists. One is reminded of the efforts of Liberal statesmen to end rebellion in Ireland: there was always a murder at the critical moment to reinforce arguments that there must be no surrender to force. All who, like Sir Philip Mitchell, have the welfare of the Colony at heart, should do whatever can be done to encourage the more far-sighted Europeans in Kenya—even while the new military drive against Mau Mau is on foot—to collaborate with moderate Africans and independent Asians in putting forward a constructive reformist policy. It is essential to convince the majority of Kikuyu, who certainly hate Mau Mau, that there is in front of them, when the rebellion is crushed, a free and hopeful future for themselves and their children.

Report on Mau Mau

An East African, especially one who has had some authority there or, as some would say, some responsibility for tragic events, must expect at every turn in England to be asked "Are things better in Kenya?" It is not an easy question to answer in a few words, without risk of misunderstanding. But if a short answer has to be given, it can only be "Yes: much better." But there is much that is obscure.

Take, as a start, the expression "Mau Mau": no one who is well informed could tell you, even today, either what it means or what—or who—it is. It began, certainly, with the Kikuyu Central Association. When that took to evil courses and was suppressed in the war, the Kenya African Union followed. The latter to my own knowledge had many honest and sincere members, who were concerned with public affairs as they were themselves affected: so may the former, at an earlier stage. Some branches of the Kenya African Union were, I believe, never corrupted, but the organisation as a whole fell into the hands of Kenyatta and his gang. It is now known, from the confessions of members, that it became no more than a cover for Mau Mau. But what, or who, was and is Mau Mau?

Army and Police Intelligence, by infinite patience and skill, have built up a large body of information, patiently checked and rechecked. They are continuously uncovering more details, more names, more records of outrages committed, of hideous ritual and bestial practices, of treachery, robbery and rapacious extortion, especially from the poor and weak. But operations planned? The springs of the organisation, or even if it is an organisation? The top level of command and direction? The objectives it hopes to achieve? The general plan? Not yet: not, as far as I know, more than a few slight clues, yet. Only a fog of secrecy, confusion and purposeless savagery. Who gains what by slashing two thirteen-year-old schoolboys to death?

It may be that at such and such a time the Government ought to have known all about it, or that warnings, none recorded in writing, were given to it. It is a fact that, still, Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson are learning with astonishment that their kitchens have been Mau Mau committee rooms, their servants' quarters billets; their cooks for years oath administrators, executioners and gang leaders. But no hand has been raised against them, and most of the secrecy and plotting seems to amount to nothing and to seek no object. At any rate, three years of Mau Mau have resulted in no more than thirty-three murders of Whites and thirty of Asians, when opportunity—especially, may be, for cooks—has been unlimited. Can this be called a national rising against the Whites?

The murders, senseless and haphazard as they have been, have been marked by atrocious brutality, treachery, obscene and filthy ritual and other circumstances which have disgusted and inflamed public opinion and have caught the attention of the world. They have been terrible, shocking: but more people are killed in a week-end by motor cars in many countries than Mau Mau has murdered in three years. There must have been some hatred of some Whites, of some Asians, by some Kikuyu: so there is of some people in Ulster by some in Ireland. But war to the knife between nations? What facts support that interpretation?

The murders and mutilations, of people and domestic animals, have provoked some retaliation outside the stress of battle, some breaches of discipline. Some things have happened which ought not to have happened, but scarcely ever among the regular forces, military or civil: their honour, humanity and repute have been high and the confidence of the African people in them is today an invaluable security asset. If some others, often recruits or hastily mobilised auxiliary units, have allowed their indignation to outrun their discipline, that is a thing which Authority, the Press and public opinion in the Colony are at one in determination to stop. But before a man utterly condemns his weaker brothers who have had to confront the harsh reality of horrors encountered face to face, he would do well to ask himself what he would have done, he, the righteous one, if he had suddenly come across the butchers of Belsen or Buchenwald in the act, in the blood and guts of their victims, among the mutilated fragments of men and women and children. If he had been a Kikuyu and had come upon the corpse of his wife, mutilated in a way that made her—and him—impure for ever, open to the vengence of the gods of old?

If the anti-White rising theory just will not fit the facts, can any other? A nationalist rebellion? A "liberation" movement? Well, notepaper headed "Kikuyu Land and Liberation Army" began to be found some months ago: but that is about all the evidence there is. There has been no organised attack on the Government forces or their bases, nor on the railways, water, light and power installations, roads and airfields. The terrain is, mostly, ideally suited to such things and a little dynamite and determination could have inflicted grave damage and might have cut off western Kenya and Uganda from the port of Mombasa. There has been no attempt to organise political strikes or mob rioting. Indeed, the only people consistently attacked have been the Kikuyu themselves and the fringe of farms on their northern marches. The "liberators" have vented their most atrocious savagery on their own people, on chiefs, teachers, clergy, agricultural and veterinary workers, farmers, foresters, contractors and craftsmen, shopkeepers—any, in fact, who seemed to have adjusted themselves to the new ways of living: their wives have been slaughtered, pregnant women hacked open and the foetus eaten or the blood drunk: their property has been looted or destroyed, their stock mutilated They have had to suffer their Lidices and Guernicas, as at Lari and in parts of the Fort Hall area, at the hands of those who are claimed by some to be patriots and liberators. The military operations of these "liberators" and their "army" bear, I suppose, some relation to Hitler's purges of all Germans whom terror could not bend to his will: maybe there is some analogy in that. It is all the resemblance there is to any form of patriotic or national movement.

Whatever may be the truth of that, Mau Mau has displayed in its ferocious bestialities a ruthless tenacity and courage: courage, it is true, to strike from behind the back, at night, by arson and secret bullet fired in the dark, by silent spear and panga; but still courage. Eight thousand have been killed and half as many taken wounded. Seven hundred have been hanged and seventy thousand are in gaol or detention camp. These are terrible figures, even if, against a background of a million Kikuyu, Embu and Meru, they amount to less than at first appears. Is any light thrown on the sheer useless tragedy of such casualties by the practices of Mau Mau? Many thousands, at first struck dumb with horror or paralysed by their terror, have rallied to their people, to their chiefs and to the law and the Government. Confessions, statements, documents are becoming available in ever increasing numbers and, checked one against another by careful and competent officers, are at last building up a picture with a background of established fact: an extraordinary picture.

Here are a few examples—they are horrible and I will cut them as short as possible: "We were told to go at night to X's hut. We went and called him out, saying we were his friends. He came out and we cut him down with pangas and poured his blood into a gourd. There was about half a gallon: we drank it and cut off his head. We took it to our leader in a dark hut." "I was taken into a hut in the dark. The oath administrator was there: he put out the eyes of a sheep with thorns and then killed it. . ." In each case details follow too horrible to be printed.

Enough of that kind of thing. Here is the story of one Mungai, who was a squatter—that is, a crofter—on my farm until he was arrested and taken off to gaol for defiance of a Defence Regu-

Faith and Reason

In this issue we publish the second of the joint first prize-winners of £100 each in our recent essay competition. We propose to publish further prize-winning contributions at intervals during the next few weeks.

lation: "I took two Mau Mau oaths at the end of 1952 because the Mau Mau ordered me to. Mwangi also took them, and Makumi and Meshek and Gichuru and some others. Mwangi was the leader on the farm. I then had to obey all the orders of Mau Mau, even if they had told me that Kenyatta wanted your head: I should have had to obey and cut it off. Then in prison I and others thought of the very bad things Mau Mau had done and how they had killed many people for nothing and taken their stock and other property and money and my heart became bitter against them. After that I was released to a transit camp and talked with the Kikuyu Padre and late joined Lambert's screening party and lived at his camp, until I came back here to my work on the farm, when you pardoned me."

Study of these oaths by the hundred discloses that the obligations they imposed did not change significantly after the first or second. The initiate was made to swear absolute secrecy and obedience: to accept at once a mission to kill a White man, a chief or other official, a man's own wife, child, parents or brothers: to refuse to sell Kikuyu land to any one: to mutilate or steal stock, goods or money. The penalty was always the same: "If I fail in this may this oath kill me." But the circumstances in which the oaths were administered, the scenery, décor and choreography, if I may permit myself such terms, were continuously developed as horror was added to horror and filth to filth, until the bounds of credibility, of human depravity seemed to dissolve in a nightmare of obscenity and degradation. No human being who had experienced these things could, it seemed, ever become clean again. Even so, may be, the Aztec orgies of bloody sacrifice must have appeared to Cortés: perhaps the horrors of some ancient mysteries, of the priests of Baal or of Isis and Osiris may have reached into these dark abysses of the human soul, as some of Hitler's bravos must have done. That is speculation: what is known of Mau Mau bestiality and blood-soaked wickedness is fact. It probably contains the key to these dark and dreadful happenings; for there is nothing within the limits of human sanity which explains them.

Here then is such hypothesis as I can offer. First, that many Kikuyu long ago did find the constraints of British rule irksome, if not intolerable, and some were deprived of land which they genuinely believed to be theirs by right. That may have been a small number, claiming with justice little pieces of land, but it soon grew to be a general accusation and a grievance. As city life grew, opportunity of profit grew with it and was avidly seized on: but schools and houses and many other things did not grow or grew very slowly. The White man brought with him a new faith, which called urgently to many, but was soon found very hard to live, so that the weaker Christians began to fall away, to find fault with their teachers and to think once again of the old tribal gods, the efficacy of sacrifice and the comforts of black magic. Soon the idea of association for political purposes was learnt from European and Asian, and new ideas, vague and imperfectly understood, made their appearance, much stimulated by two world wars and the latter-day ferment, especially in colonial territories, and by the obvious disparities between rich and poor, land owner and labourer; disparities made the more noticeable in that they so closely corresponded to disparities of race and colour.

It is at this stage that I believe there appeared a group of ruthless fanatics—or may be just one fanatic, one Hitler—who had tasted the fruits of the West and found them bitter, perhaps because unattainable, and who turned, or drifted, back towards the old gods of darkness, the magic and sorcery and the unquestioned mastery over the lives, the bodies and souls of the mass of the people, which is the outstanding characteristic alike of tribal king-magician and modern fuhrer. Given a setting so recently savage, a new culture neither fully grasped nor understood, and the absolute corruption of absolute power, what followed is at least comprehensible and can be read, I hope, between the lines of what I have written.

It follows—on this hypothesis—that the fight for the destruction of Mau Mau must go on to its end, for there is no other way. Its end, as a fight in the field, is, I believe, at hand. But it will have been fought in vain if the many complex causes which have led to it are not clearly perceived and resolutely tackled. The central cause is perhaps the distortion of judgment which so often follows when communities get into the habit of talking and thinking in terms of race and colour: when right and wrong mean different things for different people and when too many of the people lack the knowledge and the skill to raise themselves at least to a level from which the way of living of the few can be perceived.

Mau Mau has been an abomination; but not by any means all Kikuyu fell under its sway, and the steadfast courage of those who resisted—Christian, Muslim, and pagan—has been a noble page in the story of these people. Many thousands have recoiled from the wickedness into which they were cajoled or compelled, and the process is growing rapidly, snowball fashion. But we deceive ourselves if we imagine that these people have no discontents, no frustrations, no aspirations. We should fall into grievous error if we supposed that, because some Kikuyu have been wicked, we have no duty to ascertain the things which other Kikuyu believed to be wrong or unjust. A Royal Commission on Land and Population was appointed in response to the last important despatch I had occasion to write in office. Its Report is expected shortly. The spirit and determination with which effect is given to the reforms the Commission may be expected to recommend seems to me to be the touchstone for the immediate reconstruction which is so urgently necessary. In undertaking that, we should be able to develop long-range policies which will not only be just and wise, but will be seen by all peoples in the Colony—even those so recently deluded—to be just and wise. For justice and wisdom are the remedies the suffering body politic needs—and reconciliation. Vengeance is a Mau Mau type of *nostrum* for the business.

PHILIP MITCHELL

NEXT WEEK

India's New Five-Year Plan
KINGSLEY MARTIN

On Maupassant
V. S. PRITCHETT

No Chicken on D-Day
S. L. SOLON

Profile of Ed. Murrow
with Caricature by VICKY

A Yugoslav Diary

I WENT to Yugoslavia a month ago, half expecting to find that Tito and his Government were trading in their Socialism as the price of Western support in their struggle with the Kremlin. I returned last week fairly certain that this is not so. The new Yugoslavia is visibly a Communist country—albeit in a state of schism with Moscow. Indeed, one internationally respected economist, with whom I was able to talk in intimacy as well as privacy, gave me his considered opinion that, short of violent counter-revolution, it would now be impossible to restore the capitalist order. I couldn't help noticing, moreover, the almost self-consciously Marxist turns of speech and thought in which Yugoslav leaders and officials argue and present their policy. It is as if, aware of the danger to their Socialism which is inherent in their schism with Moscow, they are doubly careful to be strictly Marxist in all their formulations. I talked at length, for instance, with one high dignitary who is a member both of Tito's Cabinet and of the Central Committee of the League of Communists—the Yugoslav C.P. What, I asked him, did he think of the possibilities of an "opposition party based on socialist principles," as proposed by Djilas? His reply was revealing. It was not either a "good" or "bad" proposition but: "completely unnatural, indeed impossible in our society. Those who advocate it misread history, and fail to understand the nature of the situation in Yugoslavia. The concept that democracy must mean many parties is completely out of date." I was reminded forcibly of the conversation I once had with a distinguished Catholic theologian, who explained to me that divorce was not so much wrong as impossible.

* * *

This very strong impression that the Yugoslav leaders are Marxists of purpose and integrity, if heretical, prompts a thought which is not irrelevant to the Kruschev mission. If in Moscow and Belgrade sit two sets of determined men, each applying a Marxist analysis to the contemporary world, will one of them remain forever heretical? Is it not at least possible that, under the pressures of international capitalism, the two analyses will one day coincide? It is certain that nothing which has happened in recent weeks supports the suggestion that the Yugoslavs are now on the point of returning to Kremlin orthodoxy. But one day? I should not be surprised.

* * *

I have always found it odd that the Yugoslavs make apparently no more serious attempts to increase their export of wines. And I am more surprised after three weeks of drinking nothing else. For I know no country anywhere which produces more agreeable local wines at more modest prices. For three or four shillings a bottle, in any part of Yugoslavia, you can drink excellent light wines which give delight and hurt not—thus putting to shame the acrid fluids from Algeria and the Languedoc which one so often buys as *vin du pays* in France. There is, however, no system of vintages, no aristocratic wine which compares with the so-called noble growths of Bordeaux, Burgundy or the Rhineland; and, at any rate outside Slovenia, there are no very effective standards of quality. In other words, you can find very marked variations between bottles bearing the same label. This is one of the main obstacles to a greater export trade; and I should have thought it well worth-while devoting a good deal of time, money and even, as in France, legislation to establishing a system of *appellations controlées*. I'm sure the market is there.

We were sitting in the Dalmatian sunshine, drinking a bottle of excellent Dingac, and talking about motor cars—very expensive, and still rare outside the main cities. "Ordinary people can't afford them," said my companion rather sourly (he himself holds a middle-grade position in a publicly owned enterprise)—"just senior officials and people with special privileges like writers, artists and actors." The privilege accorded to the arts has become commonplace in Communist countries. Nevertheless, the impoverished writer or artist from the "free world" can hardly fail to be impressed when he encounters it in quite such striking terms. This, too, was in a specially curious context. For it was part of a bitter complaint against the new Yugoslavia from a middle-aged man who had known, as they say, better days. The best evidence that the regime really has liberalised itself is the number of people you can find who are prepared to tell you, without concealment, how much they dislike it. That there should be a sizeable group of *déclassés*, who have suffered under the revolution and have no stomach for the struggle to build a new society, is not surprising: that they should feel free to voice their complaints as boldly as they do is evidence both of their essential unimportance and of real progress towards tolerance.

* * *

As far as I could see—and I looked carefully—the Roman Catholic Church has complete freedom to go about its lawful occasions without interference from the State. Indeed I should guess that in Slovenia and Croatia 75 per cent. of the population still profess, if not very diligently, the Catholic religion. Some of the very numerous churches have naturally fallen into disuse, but the majority are well kept and well used. The priests appear to be on good terms with the public authorities; and, if life in a Communist society constrains them to walk the streets with something less than the worldly arrogance which characterises, for instance, most Italian priests, well, the humility is as seemly as it is unexpected—and by no means unbecoming to the service of God.

I used to be told by more intrepid travellers than myself that, with very few exceptions—I think Albania was one—Yugoslav roads were the worst in Europe. That is clearly no longer true. I am not talking only of such show pieces as the much-publicised highway linking Belgrade with Zagreb. But an enormous amount of work has been put into making the lesser roads reasonably fit for motor transport. You are still advised, it is true, to travel the Dalmation coast by ship as far south as Dubrovnik. But the road from there to Titograd, from Titograd up into Serbia, or the notorious Macedonian road from Skoplje to Ohrid (all of which used to be regarded as nightmares by the pampered motorists of Western Europe) are now perfectly adequate—as well as being quite remarkably beautiful. The truth is that an acute shortage of foreign currency has persuaded the Yugoslav authorities to treat tourism as a top-priority industry. The result is efficient travel agencies, greatly improved roads, and hotels which vary from adequate to good all over the country. Also, of course, a Communist country which welcomes visitors and has almost entirely abandoned the protection of an iron curtain.

* * *

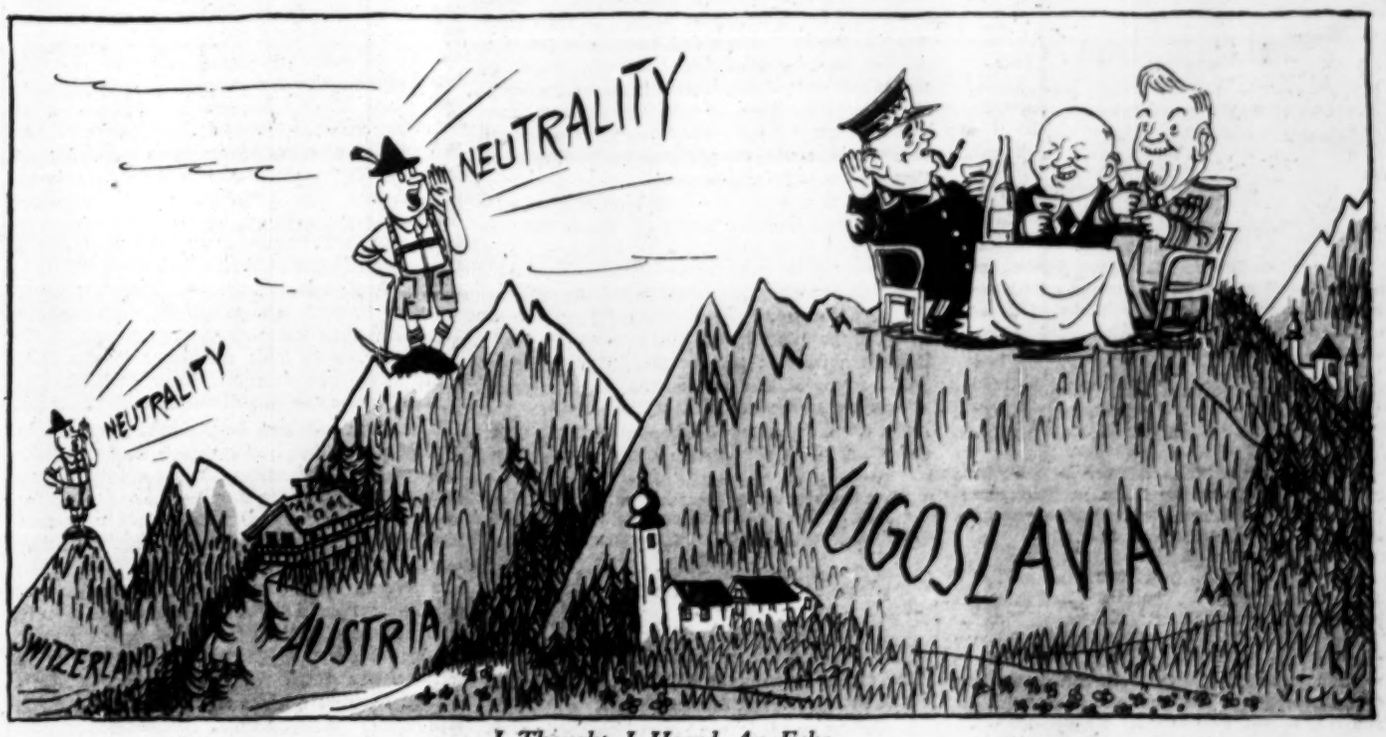
All the same, this is an odd development. Yugoslavia, nothing like self-supporting and latterly denied trade with the other Communist countries, is becoming more and more dependent on its tourist trade as a means of earning foreign exchange. In one sense, this is understandable; for there is no more beautiful country in Europe and hardly any which offers such low prices for the foreign tourist. But I cannot guess what the consequences may be to Yugoslavia itself of trying to establish, side by side, two disparate standards of life—one, for the Yugoslavs, austere, constructive and Communist; and one soft, indulgent and wasteful for foreign tourists. A country becomes both strong and rich by selling what it makes and grows. But does it not risk corruption when it begins to depend too much on selling itself? I doubt if the Yugoslavs have any choice at the moment but to elevate tourism to this high priority. But I shall be more confident about the future of both their independence and their Socialism when their foreign trade is more systematically planned and, above all, when their agricultural production permits, as it surely could, a substantial export of food.

* * *

I was persuaded to visit the Historical Museum in Skoplje, the capital of Macedonia. A trifle reluctantly—because I am no more than a moderate performer in museums. In fact, I found it absorbing. Not quite what most English people would think of as a "historical" museum. It is, in fact, a collection of trophies and documents from the two Macedonian revolts—the first against the Turks in 1903, and the second against the Nazis (Bulgarian variety) in 1942. I was hauled back from any tendency to romanticise about what seems to me to have been a remarkably successful struggle for national liberation by the sight of a group of local school children—12- and 13-year-olds, I suppose—being taken round by their teacher. Her eyes were alight with the memories of the war she remembered. In the children's I recognised instantly the petrified look of sullen boredom, the toughening of the neck muscles as they suppressed their yawns. It was exactly the same expression my parents used to see on me in the dimmer chambers of the British Museum. Presently, the children came to life in a hubbub of ejaculation. They were clustered eagerly around the photograph of a partisan who had been shot by the Bulgarians. It was a good picture. The bullet holes were plain to see and the blood ran all over the pavement with awful realism. Thirty pairs of childish eyes popped with interest and pleasure. I remembered that expression, too.

* * *

The further south you go in Yugoslavia, the more "Balkan" becomes the driving. When you get to Macedonia, the technique is simple. You drive full speed at any group of people or animals you see, horn honking as loudly as possible, and trust them to leap out of the light just before the moment of impact. Usually the system works—



I Thought I Heard An Echo . . . .

especially, perhaps, as the very few cars on the roads normally belong to government or party officials. Occasionally it doesn't. I was upset and angered when my extremely skilful Macedonian driver ran over, so carelessly as to be almost deliberately, a shepherd's dog. "The chauffeur says," translated the interpreter, in response to some comments I had addressed to him, "that he is a very fine driver who never kills anything more than once a month—and then nothing of importance." The driver, who spoke a few words of French and English, and understood more, listened attentively to the translation. He nodded: "*Je suis spécialiste quand même aux chiens*," he added with a gleam in his eye.

JOHN FREEMAN

Babes and Sucklings

Once every little boy and gal
That came into the world alive
Was either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative.

But Nature, who this law ordained,
Still moves in a mysterious way,
And though two parties are maintained,
The case is not the same today.

Though every baby takes a side,
Thanks to prenatal influence,
And two great parties are supplied,
It's at the Liberal's expense.

It little profits to enquire
Of fate's immutable decree,
But little Liberals expire
That parties may be two, not three.

While half the race in babyhood
Upon pure Tory milk is nursed,
With quite a different infant food
The other half can slake its thirst.

So every babe that's born alive
(Though Liberals the thought resist)
Is either a little Conservative
Or else a little Socialist.

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The Archishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, said at a Nairobi banquet to-day that the divorce rate in Britain is "as beastly as Mau Mau."—*Daily Express*. (Sally Jacobs.)

A council workman at Brantham, Suffolk, stood all day beside a hole he dug in the road because cement for the erection of a signpost failed to arrive. He then filled in the hole again and went home.—*Daily Telegraph*. (I. J. Ashley.)

The highest common factor that unites the families of this country is the keeping of caged birds.—*Manchester Guardian*. (A. N. Oppenheim.)

The appearance of an African fire-eater in a public-house is a special occasion, justifying extended hours, Ipswich magistrates decided yesterday. —*News Chronicle*. (Peter Barefoot.)

Now they are turning out bottles of milk with a 28 per cent alcoholic content. Their dairy has been granted a special excise licence.

"We use whisky, brandy, gin, rum and honey to make the drink," she said. "It's strong enough to make you drunk. We believe that before long the consumption of milk will soar to record levels and that it will rival beer as the national drink of England."—*Reynolds News*. (E. D. Jones.)

The Workers' Struggle in the Ruhr

SEVEN years is not a long time in the history of any nation. Yet, revisiting the Rhineland for the first time since 1948—the eve of the currency reform—I thought it seemed more like seventy years, or a whole human life-span. Where, on my last trip, I had seen groups of men, mostly crippled, standing dejectedly at street corners amid the desolation of rubble and ruins, this time there was hustle and bustle, with clanging trams and men in mackintoshes scurrying ant-like, briefcases bulging, into imposing new buildings. The feverish building activity in all Rhineland and Ruhr cities, the tinsel glitter and overstocked shop windows in Düsseldorf's Königsallee, the laden lorries streaming down the Autobahn—these are the things I shall remember of West Germany in this Spring of 1955.

It has become almost a commonplace to talk of the "miracle" of Germany's recovery and the virtues of Erhard's free-enterprise economy. "The Germans work so hard—and there is no tea-break mentality." All this is true. But there are signs that the German unions are beginning to get just a little bit tough, after the long post-war years of docility and restraint. There is a growing feeling among many trade unionists that they have been patient too long and that the workers, rather than the shareholders, deserve a bigger share in the prosperity they create.

This view was forcibly expressed by Heinrich Sträter, melancholy, slow-speaking leader of 1,600,000 metal workers. German steel workers, he told me, are still working on an average a 53/54-hour week. Now, ten years after the end of the war, they are putting in for a 40-hour week. Their conditions, says Sträter, must be brought in line with those of steelworkers in other Western countries. Then there is Heinrich Imig, bluff, breezy miners' president, who combines Will Lawther's *bonhomie* with Arthur Horner's lucidity. He is all set for getting higher living standards, better working conditions and security in old age for his members. (Recently the German miners, who had claimed a 12 per cent. rise, won 9½ per cent. all-round.) But the bitterest struggle in West Germany is not over wages and hours, but over the *Mitbestimmungsrecht*, the Law of "co-determination" or workers' participation in industry. This gives the workers in iron, steel and coal firms five seats out of 11 on the *Aufsichtsrat*, or board of directors, and one in three on the *Vorstand*, or executive management board.

Earlier this year the unions won a great victory after a one-day strike in which 800,000 miners and steel workers were involved. The strike was in protest against the remarks of Dr. Reusch, director-general of the Gutehoffnung foundry, that *Mitbestimmung* was "brutal extortion on the part of the trade unions." This brought a fulsome apology from Dr. Adenauer and a strong rebuke to Reusch. But the trade unions are under no illusions, and believe that Reusch was voicing publicly and tactlessly what many employers felt privately.

> Today along the whole front of the Ruhr, there is a sharpening fight among the employers against workers' participation. This fight against *Mitbestimmung* by the big companies in steel and coal is not openly waged. In theory they recognise the *Mitbestimmungsrecht*, and are bound by law to do so. But in practice there are countless attempts to undermine it.

This was published recently in the official organ of the German Miners' Union. On the other side a typical reaction came from a big coal-owner I met in Essen:

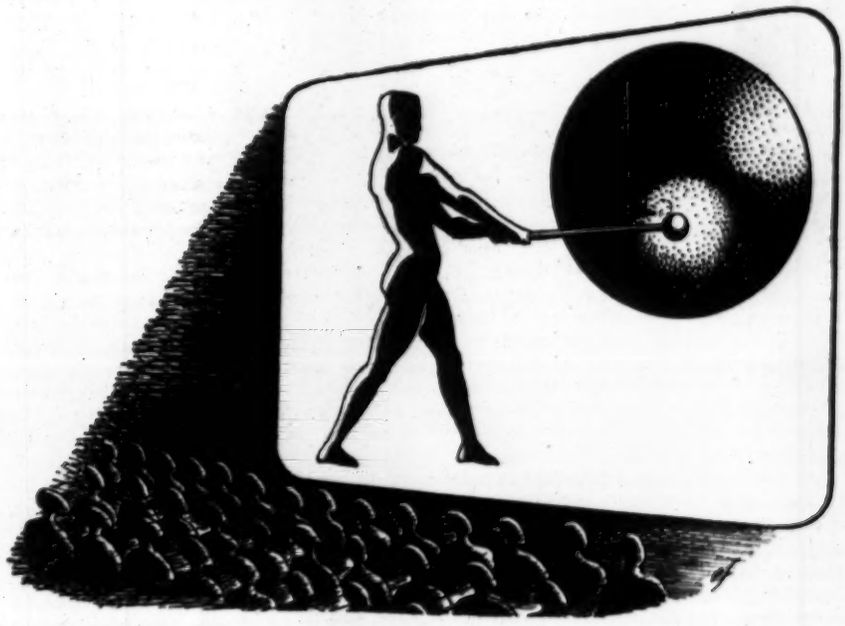
> *Mitbestimmung* is grand as an idea, but in practice it puts the workers' representatives in an impossible position, with loyalties split between the interests of the men they represent and those of the company. Some, however, take a very responsible attitude, identify themselves with the company, and refuse to back extravagant claims.

In fact, most employers in the steel and coal industries probably regard workers' representation as an unmitigated nuisance, or, at best, as a useful bit of window-dressing. But the unions are determined to make *Mitbestimmung* work. They do not want the present scheme to suffer the same fate as befell works councils after the end of the first world war. Most of these were merged into the Labour Front. Today, however, the trade unions are in a much better position than during the 1920s. There is full employment in coal and steel, and many types of skilled labour are short.

The workers' bargaining position is consequently strong. In the mines of the Ruhrgebiet and Aachen, for example, the labour force has crept up to roughly its pre-war level, but it is unstable and there is a very high turnover. Men recruited from the East, the *Flüchtlinge*, lured by the bait of a new house, take up colliery jobs, then leave to seek more congenial work above ground. Absenteeism is high—last year's average was 16.1 per cent. (well above the British average), and until recently only one in every ten juveniles recruited stayed in the industry. Production, though it has now reached a post-war peak, is still below the 1938 level. Thus, with all these production difficulties, it is not surprising that the German coal-owners should rely on the co-operation and goodwill of the miners' leaders.

The German miner, like his opposite number in Britain, is now at the top of the industrial wages ladder. Like the British miner, he spends most of his spare time, and cash, on football pools, TV and his allotment. In the leadership of the unions, however, there is great concern at the growing concentration of heavy industry, and at the emergence of the "old gang." Ownership, it is true, has been dispersed: the Allies broke up the biggest pre-war trusts. About 25 per cent. of Ruhr steel and coal holdings are owned by foreigners—including Dutch, French, Swedish and Italians. But the success of Krupps, who, undeterred by the bar on his domestic steel activities, stole the show at the Hanover Trade Fair with his titanium project and is branching out in India, Pakistan and the Middle East, is an object-lesson for Socialists. The Vereinigte Stahlwerke was split up, but there are new combines, like the Phœnix-Hütte, the Rhein-Ruhr and August Thyssen Hütte. The names of Friedrich Flick, Hoesch, Stumm were quoted to me by German miners as examples of the trend. Above all there is the Mannesmann steel concern, under Wilhelm Zangen, once prominent in the Nazi arms drive, and described by a denazification court after the war as a *Mitläufer* with Hitler.

There are obvious economic advantages in vertical integration between coal, steel and their by-products. The unions do not object to integration as such, but they are alarmed at the danger of the big vested interests once more exercising political power. That is perhaps why they see in the European Coal and Steel Community the hope of some form of international control over the industrial barons. The High Authority has got powers to limit trustification, but has not in fact discouraged the trend towards vertical integration. What the Authority is more concerned about is the development of price-fixing and quota arrangements. Luxembourg, the Schuman Plan headquarters, has now proposed a



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gentlemanly plan to break up the Ruhr coal producers' selling organisation, *Georg*, the *Gemeinschaftsorganisation Ruhrkohle*. This is a kind of "under the counter" cartel, which fixes prices, sales and deliveries throughout the region, and which the High Authority says runs counter to its anti-cartel policy. The German miners agree with the employers on the need for a common sales organisation. Otherwise, they fear, pits which produce lower-quality coal would sell at a loss, and their workers would suffer. Much the same sort of problem arises in Britain for the Coal Board, which has aimed to even out differences between prosperous and poorer districts. In Britain, however, as the German miners point out, the mines are nationally owned and there is a community of interest between employers and workers.

Union leaders do not regard *Mitbestimmung* as a substitute for nationalisation, or, as they prefer to call it, socialisation. They feel they were badly let down by British Labour in the immediate post-war period, when the Ruhr basic industries could have been taken over painlessly and effectively. Instead, the British surrendered to the Americans and paved the way for the establishment of a Conservative, capitalist regime in West Germany. The unions are under no illusions about the prospects of reversing the present trends. Nor, at this stage, are they prepared to fight for it. "It is a political, not an industrial issue" I was often told.

A fellow journalist somewhat naively asked Dr. Wimmelmann, the head of the coal producers' organisation, whether he was in favour of nationalisation. "I have been a convinced supporter of free enterprise all my life and intend to continue to champion that cause" was the reply. "Nationalisation would be very dangerous in the mining industry. Long-term planning can only be done by responsible people with initiative. Nationalisation would mean stagnation." Not even the old British Mining Association could be more last-ditch than the German coal-owners!

Talking to men like Sträter and Imig, I couldn't help at times recalling that their predecessors also talked of democracy and social ownership while the Reichstag burned. What hope is there that the present generation of union leaders will succeed in establishing real and lasting industrial democracy? The most hopeful sign is that German workers today are increasingly union-conscious. They turn up at meetings and 80-90 per cent. of them vote in union elections and ballots. The unions are organised with typical Teutonic thoroughness and have progressive ideas about education and training. The miners, alone, run two residential schools. At Haltern, near Essen, in a delightful modern house in the beech-woods, young miners spend from two to six weeks' studying trade union history, industrial relations and collective bargaining. Compare this with Britain where only the Communist-led E.T.U. runs a residential college! Again, the German miners produce a weekly paper and a serious bulletin. Yet the N.U.M. in Britain, alone of big trade unions, has no journal of opinion.

The increasing efficiency of the German trade unions is encouraging. At the same time I cannot help feeling that the German Labour movement lacks the solid basic relationship that exists between the British Labour Party and the T.U.C. The absence of direct links tends to make the German Socialist Party limited in appeal and somewhat doctrinaire in outlook. And the dreams of all Socialists—German or international—that one day the basic industries of the Ruhr will be nationalised, will take, I fear, all the longer to be realised.

MARGARET STEWART

The People are Behind Me

MRS. BRADDOCK was at the wheel. We had set out in a heavy drizzle from the Official Labour Candidate's office. The office is a poor one compared with the one she occupied before her troubles began, but it does. Keir Hardie's photograph is on the door. On the wall over the candidate's head is framed testimony that Elizabeth Mary Braddock, Battling Bessie, is the Hon. President of the Professional Boxers' Association, the pugs' trade union. Posters around the wall read and would read to the keen-eyed man from two hundred yards:

When YOU needed BESSIE she was THERE
Now BESSIE needs YOU—BE THERE

Who are these people, I asked, who are trying to replace you as the candidate for Exchange? These people were Communists, Trotskyites and Bevanites and didn't worry her at all because she had the people behind her. We drove first through Exchange's splendour, past the black, dignified Houses of Commerce, past the black, ornate Halls and past the frequent statues of royalty, which seem to have been erected to remind each generation in this most Catholic of cities that this, after all, is a Protestant country. Away from the splendour, a few yards away, around the Protestant Cathedral, but scarcely in its spiritual shelter since 80 per cent. of the voters in Exchange are Catholics, is the squalor. There were few people in the streets. We drove at eight miles an hour, announcing a meeting, past patches of waste mud, dingy tenements, decaying houses with bricked-up windows and Chinese writing on the walls, along streets where the houses are being pulled down or are falling down while one or two, the façades crumbling, the steps worn concave and breaking, remain inhabited, and then through more bearable streets. A few old women peered through curtains and waved. Mrs. Braddock pointed out proudly the new flats of three or four or five stories erected on the sites of old slums. An ancient hospital was now an Old Peoples' Home with daffodils, withering and bent in the rain, half-alive in the gardens.

"That," she said, pointing out a half-yellow house, "is where the unofficial Labour candidate lives. I don't care about him. He doesn't interest me." A Negro, shivering in the cold, waved to Mrs. Braddock. He was a boxer. As we drove through Page Street where families of eight live in two-roomed houses, an old woman wrapped in a black shawl, standing alone on a pavement waved excitedly at us. "Ow do," said Mrs. Braddock, waving back. A crowd of men were waiting for the racing results. Some of them waved. "If anybody else came along, they'd have vanished like smoke. They know me." As we came to the last street before the place where we had begun, five children in a shop doorway, soaked to the skin, leaped up and down screaming "Bessie" and laughing. "Ow do," said Mrs. Braddock, and warned them to look out for the traffic. Over her shoulder she said to me: "You can keep all your high-falutin stuff. *That's* what I care about, the children knowing me. As long as the people know me, I'm happy."

"All I want to do," said Councillor Murphy, the unofficial Labour candidate, "is trust the people. Why can't *they* trust the people? Aren't the people's wishes to count any more?"

If you looked hard, you couldn't find a more dramatic contrast to Mrs. Braddock than Mr. Murphy. In the blue corner we have Mrs. Braddock, the tough, heavy-weight, agnostic ex-Communist; in the pink corner, Mr. Murphy, the gentle, light-weight, intensely Catholic old-fashioned Socialist. It wouldn't be an even fight, according to Mrs. Braddock's opponents, because the referee, in the person of the Labour Party, has got his money on the heavy-weight and isn't above changing the rules. Mr. Murphy is disillusioned and sad. He had been idealist enough to be surprised when, after he had taken his stand, most of his erstwhile colleagues on the Left leaped madly into the air and on to the fence. He thought they might have been with him in his stand for democracy in the Party, but they thought the time was not yet. He was, though, highly amused when the Communist Party men came along to his house and asked him not to oppose Mrs. Braddock. Mr. Murphy expected to save his deposit, but was sick of Liverpool politics and wouldn't stand for re-election to the Council when the time came. "But I won't resign now. I wouldn't give *them* that satisfaction."

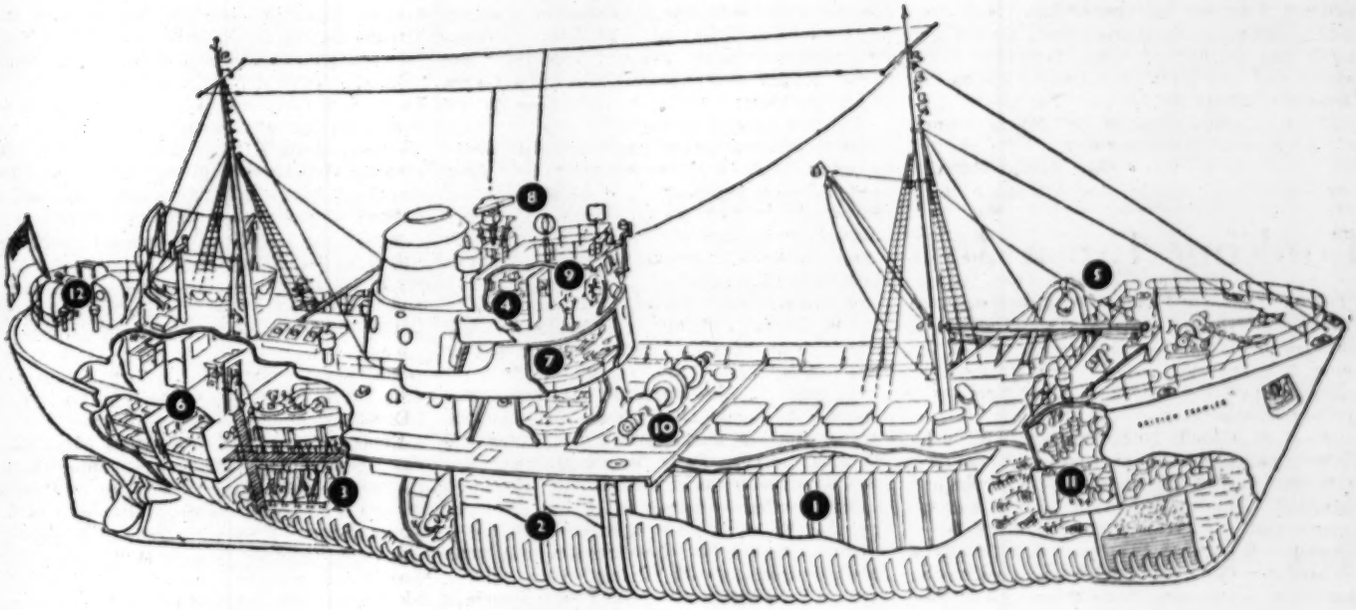
By *them* he means the Braddocks, Mr. as well as Mrs.; for Alderman Jack Braddock is the leader of the Labour Group in the city. Last year an attempt was made by the Left wing to dislodge him from that position. It failed by 36 votes to 30. So the battle isn't restricted to the Exchange Division. In the recent municipal election the Tories had a high old time quoting Mrs. Braddock as evidence that there were Communists in the Labour Party. There are no Communists, screams the scarlet banner in the heart of Liverpool, in the Conservative Party. The effect of all this in a Catholic Division like Exchange is likely to matter. Some people are afraid it might stimulate something that has been absent before—political division along religious lines. The non-Catholic Mrs. Braddock has benefited from this tolerance. Some people, again, consider all this slanging dangerous in its other possibilities. There is certainly enough slander flying around to fill a law-court for a year.

The trouble seems to have begun when Mrs. Braddock had her conversion. From being a Left-winger she became almost overnight certain that the working classes would live to rue the day that Aneurin Bevan was born. Her constituency party didn't share in this conversion. "Why," asked Mr. Murphy, "should people in a place like this want German re-armament? There's a pacifist tradition here. Why should they want to make the H-Bomb?" Mrs. Braddock told me that the people in Exchange wanted German re-armament because they didn't want to fight the German's battles for him: Germany should have her own army. People wanted the H-Bomb because they wanted to be defended. When the bombs were falling in Liverpool during the last war, people used to ask: Where are *curs*? The H-Bomb is *ours*. "Can you imagine it?" asked Mr. Murphy. "Here we have Littlewoods who won't allow trade union labour in the place. And there we have Mrs. Braddock in the House of Commons *defending* them. Is it any wonder she's known as Mrs. Littlewoods?" "Littlewoods," said Mrs. Braddock, "are great benefactors here. They saved us during the slump. They pay good wages. The girls do very well there."

All these things have helped to sustain lively political interest inside the Exchange Division, though some Party members are complaining bitterly of apathy in Liverpool as a whole. But leaving aside the political issues, Exchange has been enlivened by the curious episode of Mrs. Braddock's re-adoption as their candidate. Rejected at first by a single vote, she was finally

Let's go Fishing

IT ONLY COSTS £200,000 A SHIP, AND £6,000 A VOYAGE



Building and fitting out a Distant Water trawler today costs at least six times more than it did before the war. In 1939 the price of a Distant Water ship was £30,000. This year, a brand new vessel like the one above costs £185,000, and with full gear and equipment the cost is around £200,000. On top of that, crew wages, fuel, trawling gear and operating expenses come to around £6,000 for every trip. A ship makes an average of 14 trips a year, so that she has to earn £85,000 before she even starts to show a profit. Yet, in spite of this spectacular leap in costs, dockside fish prices have risen *much less than those of any other basic food*—only 6 per cent since 1951.

Trawlers today cost more to build because they are larger. They are larger in capacity, larger in length and breadth. The one shown above is 200 feet overall. They are powered by larger engines which gives them greater range. Their crews now have accommodation equal to that on the world's biggest ships. A modern British trawler is the most efficient fishing machine, and the best sea ship ever designed—but she does cost money—£200,000.

All the money for building, replacing and equipping this efficient Distant Water Fleet comes from the industry itself—no Government subsidy. It's a gigantic British investment, and one that has never let the country down. This fleet is founded upon the hard work, enterprise and experience of the trawler companies, skippers and crews. They take the risks and they bring home the fish—and get the smallest profit-margin of all home produced first-class food. Neither ships nor catch is subsidised. They're on their own, and proud of it.

Think of these facts the next time you buy a fresh cod fillet at 1/8d. a lb. Remember what it means, remember the enormous investment in men and ships it represents, and the hard, dangerous work involved in supplying you with the freshest fish at the lowest price of any country in the world.

SOME IMPORTANT FEATURES OF A MODERN BRITISH TRAWLER

1. FISH HOLD: approximate capacity—16,000 cubic feet. The insulated hold is chilled by a refrigerating plant. Fish hold is divided into compartments forming shelves on which the fish is laid out over *layers* of ice.
2. OIL FUEL BUNKERS: these hold 300 tons of fuel oil. This is sufficient for a voyage of one month with an average range of 280—290 miles a day. Most trips last about 21 days.
3. BOILER AND ENGINE ROOM: triple expansion super-heated steam engine of about 1,250 h.p., auxiliary engines for dynamos, pumps, etc. The furnaces are oil-fired.
4. W/T ROOM: radio and radar equipment is as good as that of the largest liners. Includes—radar radiolocator, radiotelephone with Morse transmitter, two radio receivers, two direction finders and two echo-sounders.
5. "GALLOWS": for the trawl lines which pass over the ship's side through this pulley and block.
6. CREW SPACE: includes double-berth cabins, mess-room, and galley. Each bunk is fitted with a reading lamp.
7. SKIPPER'S QUARTERS: the Captain's suite is panelled and includes bedroom, day-room, and bathroom. Below are the Mate's and Boatswain's cabins with the officers' mess-room adjoining.
8. RADAR SCANNER: the revolving scanner is connected to a screen in the W/T Room.
9. WHEELHOUSE AND CHARTROOM: the wheelhouse is the nerve-centre of the ship. Fish is found by echo-sounders and the skipper directs operations by 'Loud Hailer' and engine-room telegraph.
10. STEAM TRAWL WINCH: the powerful winch, carrying 750 fathoms of 3" wire on each drum, can haul up the heavy trawl from 2,000 feet below the surface.
11. FISHROOM COOLING PLANT: this latest type of refrigerating machinery maintains the correct temperature in the fish-hold to keep the fish in perfect condition. Next door is the net store where the trawl is stowed when not fishing.
12. COD LIVER OIL PLANT: Cod Liver Oil is extracted soon after the fish are caught. The livers are cooked in jets of steam which separates the oil. The oil is then stored in tanks from which it is pumped out immediately the vessel docks.

BRITISH TRAWLERS Hull/Grimsby/Fleetwood

THE BRITISH TRAWLERS' FEDERATION

selected at the second attempt (after the most vigorous intervention from Transport House) by 31 votes to 7, with a total of 32 delegates abstaining, or leaving the meeting before the vote. So, apart from all the slanders, the smears, the bitterness, the disillusion and the general high jinks on both sides, there are some people in the Exchange Division who permit themselves the license of wondering if they'd have had as much trouble ridding themselves of a Left-wing member if they'd been a Right-wing local Party. The Left-wing in Exchange is for the time being certainly demoralised, which, it's presumed, is what the National Executive was after. Since, however, most of this group are young people, it's unlikely they'll stay demoralised. Mrs. Braddock's supporters, and they are many, especially among the Division's women, are jubilant. The lady herself has been unruffled all along, because, as she put it, "the people are behind me."

W. JOHN MORGAN

Looking for a Job

ONE day I thought I would take a train over the frontier into Vilnia. I arrived at the capital, and installed myself in a stuffy hotel with running hot water, lifts, and room-radio. When I turned the radio on, a voice would be singing "I've got to get back, got to get back, got to get back to that shack in Alabamy." In the morning I ate yoghourt at a corner café and a curious cake covered with pink sugar. Then I visited a museum, the cathedral, and a number of cafés where I drank brandy and pondered. On the second day I happened to meet a girl called Krasna and I decided that Vilnia was as agreeable a country as any one could imagine, without licensing laws or fog. I decided to look for a job. I had press cuttings with me, and took a taxi to the British Legation, where I was deflected to the Press Relations Officer.

The Press Relations Officer was a school-tie type called Randell, who greeted me with extraordinary effusion. "My dear sir," he said, "welcome to Vilnia—and if there is anything I can do to help you squeeze the utmost enjoyment out of this ancient city, pray ask me." He was inspecting me all the time with cold care, assessing my leaf-like bank balance, and weighing my light vagabond soul. But there was something quite pleasant about this elegant gentleman, dancing on the crafty, diplomatic platform, offering me cigarettes, a sherry, advice. "I really thought of taking some sort of job," I said without very much confidence. "You know, something or other where I might be useful."

"What delicious qualifications do you possess?" he asked. "As if I, or anybody else, even possessed them ourselves. . . ." At this point he moved into brilliant, rapid Vilnian to which I could not reply, but merely nodded my head with a bankrupt smile. "A poor epigram," he said in aside, "but mine own."

"I am a writer," I said, "and my name is Anthony Carson. I have been so bold as to bring some cuttings with me, which I would like to show to you."

"Excellent," said Randell. "Literary and academic qualifications are well viewed by our present Minister, I may assure you, which has not been the same in the lamentable past. We have chamber concerts, documentary films and lectures; the tennis court is falling into disrepair, and the swimming pool is only filled once a month. Terrible for the hearties. And our Minister actually speaks Vilnian." From his expression I somehow gathered that his Vilnian was execrable. He looked at me with a great show of teeth and grasped me with a swift, sarcastic hand. "You must come to a party—with my wife," he said. . . .

A week later I rang him up. "Most interested," he said. "I had thought your cuttings a duty, but they turned out to be a pleasure." Another week went by, and I decided to make a trip to a pleasure resort by the sea called Bavic. I took Krasna with me. The rain poured incessantly down. Two days later she had to return to the capital. I decided to call on the British Consul, and, after a telephone call, received an invitation to cocktails the following evening. His house was the other end of the town, and an insane taxi-driver, after half-an-hour's careering through narrow streets, drew up outside the Bulgarian Embassy. "I am not Bulgarian," I shouted, "I am British."

"This is the best Embassy in Bavic," said the taxi-driver stolidly. At last we arrived at the Consul's house, and I went up in the lift to his apartment. The Consul was a tall, thin, stooping man one could have met accidentally in Golders Green, the apartment was cluttered with children and his wife was reading Charles Morgan. "If you want a job," said the Consul, "there is more than a slight chance. Say in a month or two. Press Relations Officer. You would have to learn Vilnian, of course, but it is not a difficult language if you avoid the grammar. I will arrange for you to meet the Consul-General tomorrow."

The next day, at noon, I called on the Consul-General, a slight, extremely nervous man with a cold, brilliant French wife like a parakeet, whose clipped wings incessantly tried to flutter her world into a Parisian salon. Her husband, who might have turned into saint or philosopher, could have happily accepted Bavic as a life-centre, if it were not for the cold, restless eyes of his wife which had fatally pinioned his insufficiencies. Formerly, there had been Washington, Brussels, Rome and Geneva. There had been brilliant conversations, priority gossip, and the rustle of important people. Now. . . . Over lunch they talked about London as though I could suddenly produce it out of my hat, and then turned the conversation to the job they could offer me. It would have to be arranged through Randell.

"You will like it," said the Consul-General. "It's simply a question of publicising the British way of life, getting these chaps to put bits in their newspapers about cricket and so on. I'm afraid I know very little about the British way of life. I could tell you, for instance, more about Tibet." His wife gave him a sharp, diamond look and he subsided. When I decided to return to the capital by train, he asked me to cocktails and then drove me to the station in his car. As they waved good-bye I felt enormously fond of them standing there on their private island, and I leant out of the train window for a long time until the platform dwindled into dusk and the past.

Back in the capital, I got in touch with Randell. "Honoured sir," he cried in a delighted voice. "You are back from the delights of Bavic. I have had news of you. Come around to our modest home tonight." His house stood on the edge of the town in a small wood. A large lantern hung over the door, and a breath of music drifted from a half-opened window. I was shown into a huge drawing-room and waited until my host appeared, holding in his hand a glass which he offered to me. "I have heard about the job, friend," he said, putting his hand on my shoulder. "From a universal point of view it would be admirable and I am serious when I state that you would help the cause in Bavic for us all. I am a bureaucrat, sir, but I do not stand with my back to the light and shadow of this odd world of ours. I declare that I will try to do my best for you with the Minister. But—"

"But what is the objection?" I asked. "The objection?" repeated Randell. "But the objection, sir, consists in the cuttings! Even to work in the vaguest connection with the Foreign Service requires abstention from writing. You, personally, would hardly consider such a thing, and even if you accepted the agreement, the moment would arrive when the truth, the private view, would have to be delivered to the light. I should understand; but as a bureaucrat I could not but deplore it. The skeleton in the cupboard, the visit to the brothel, the cats in the courtyard . . . no, Mr. Carson. The world, alas, is corrupt. Touch it undiplomatically, and our neat, smooth bureaucratic world explodes. However, please believe me, that apart from these considerations, I will press the matter with the Minister."

A day later, he rang me up and told me that the Minister was of the opinion he had foreseen. If I wished, I could see him. Yes, I said, I should like to see him. I was granted an appointment and took a taxi to the Legation. "Here is the Embassy," shouted the taxi-driver, pulling up the car in front of an enormous villa flanked by a dejected palm tree. "But this is the Swiss Embassy," I cried. "It is the nearest," answered the driver. Having finally arrived at the British Legation, which was half-attached to a ruined Vilnian castle, I was shown into an enormous lounge filled with leather chairs and tubular cigarette stands. A huge desk faced me, covered with pamphlets. The whole, ragged, romantic atmosphere of Vilnia disappeared, and was replaced by the headmaster's study.

The headmaster then entered, shook hands, and asked me to sit down. He was tall, and gave the impression of a broad-minded clubman who didn't mind a joke about girls and was keen about

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Vilnia's place in the Western Alliance. "Well," he said, with a geniality which, while socially important, must have been a constant effort to him. "I trust you are enjoying yourself in Vilnia. You are, I gather, a writer, and I can assure you that you will find a fund of colourful, bizarre, historical and contemporary material in the country." He looked at me with sudden sharpness—obviously recollecting the cuttings which had been shown to him by Randell. "For instance, the South is heavily forested and the woodcutters play on strange eight-pronged flutes. The roofs are conical, and the co-operative system is remarkably interesting inasmuch as it is modelled on English democratic principles. Go there, Mr. Carson, and then go North—more arid, but the peasantry dress in Mahommedan clothes and there is a remarkable bitumen industry." He rose suddenly, and the arc from his convivial eyes was like the moat defending a strange, rich castle of umbrellas, cavalcades and stiffly articulated prejudices.

"Goodbye," I said, rising. There seemed nothing else to say.

ANTHONY CARSON

Faith and Reason

[This essay was the other joint first-prize winner in our recent competition.]

I CAUGHT up with the philosopher as he was crossing one of the bridges.

"If you are not occupied," I began hesitatingly, "I should like your advice. Religion is laying claims on me; but it seems hardly proper to load you with the details of the choice before me, as I am altogether ignorant of what creed you profess."

He reassured me. "If, as I suppose," he said, "the religion you came to accept, or grew up in, confronts you with some great decision, you may think we could only argue it out in terms belonging to its own doctrine. You will not find me a suitable person to do that. Is there nothing in your difficulty open to common consideration?"

"My problem is common enough! Reason is beckoning one way and faith another. But experts in my religion, and in any religion I know of, far from being able to tell me which to obey, cannot say what I think I ought to know first—what reason and faith are."

"Do you think that I can tell you?"

"I believe that if you were to display their natures to me I could decide between them, and, while the decision is for me to take—"

"It certainly is your responsibility."

"—without knowing what they are, how can I judge between them?"

He paused for a while as if he were weighing up a series of moves in his head.

"As to what reason and faith may be," he said solemnly, "I feel hardly confident to tell you, if you are expecting a straight answer. So I am afraid that you, like the rest, will think me an unhelpful quibbler."

"It is not a dictionary I need, and I do not imagine we shall talk like people compiling one."

"Very well," he said, "suppose we first ask if we will be exercising reason in learning what these things are?"

"Of course, for philosophy is the cream of reasoning."

"And shall we, having arrived at a reasonable account of faith and its complement—I do not say 'reason' for fear of confusing you—shall we have a reasonable ground for comparing their merit, as a reasonable man would try to compare the merit of two horses he had examined thoroughly?"

"That is what I should like to think."

"But suppose faith appears superior to reason, or that there are things familiar to faith which reason cannot penetrate: might that not be so?"

"It might."

"Then the reasonable ground for the conclusion that faith is superior to reason will remain unsatisfactory, since there may be some relevant facts known to faith which have not been taken into account."

"We would seem to have ignored the best evidence."

"I hardly need go on to point out what a puzzle it will be if reason is pronounced supreme and faith an error, for faith will be for ever finding sanctuary in the suggestion that we ought to have taken some intimation of hers into account."

"Obviously," I exclaimed, "so long as there are some things true that only faith can tell us, we cannot weigh her in the scales of a balanced inquiry."

"I wonder if we were wrong in assuming that philosophy is a matter of reason at all. But do not give up too easily. I should like to ask you what plunged you into confusion."

"Since the general inquiry has foundered I do not see how that will help."

"You became confused and we must go to the origin of your confusion. When we go to work, philosophy may wear a humbler dress than we supposed."

I explained that I had happened to call that morning on a certain tutor who was notorious for using his astute mind ruthlessly. He never faltered in the pursuit of distinctions and influence. He reckoned up his opponents' weaknesses and, lacking any pity or remorse, ranged like a wolf amid the lambs. He had already engineered himself where his real abilities might never have carried him.

I had left after seeing him indulge in a display of his prowess. Fascinated and shocked, I was walking away when I almost stumbled against an old woman who stepped suddenly back from a small shrine which stood by the pavement. Beneath its tawdry image a few flowers withered in dirty jars. I snapped at the creature when she turned to me with a calm look on her worn face, breaking the mumble of her prayer to beg my forgiveness. She moved off; and for the moment her flowers glowed brightly though with no water to sustain them.

The philosopher waited to see if I had finished. "Is that the whole story of your encounters?" he asked.

"It is. Do you not feel as I do that there is a mighty difference between these two that clamours for explanation?"

"Yes, and I think I can help you after all. I shall say that our mutual friend is known to live the life of reason, while the old lady, whom I know not, lives the life of faith."

"That takes us a long way!"

"Indeed it does. It demonstrates that you or anyone else can see very well what is meant. Here are these two persons linked, each of them, to all others who live either the life of faith or the life of reason. Only not all who lead the life of reason are as self-seeking as he, nor all who lead the life of faith as self-effacing as she."

"Perhaps that is because there are sometimes wrong reasons and erroneous faiths."

"Perhaps," he laughed, "but we were not asking about the correctness of reasoning or the perspicacity of faith. We were asking about the comparative weight to be given to each. To speak as we do of the life of reason and the life of faith may seem simple, but 'reason' and

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'faith' are so contrasted that no one could fail to notice the difference or suppose that we did not think it worth observation; we make it clear that here is a distinction that may make a difference to our lives."

"But what is the use of being struck by a difference we cannot account for?"

"Do you suggest," he asked, "that we should ask the parents of these two, if they are still living, what upbringing their children had to account for the difference between them?"

"That would be like asking why one piece of soap is unlike another piece of cheese, and talking, not about the qualities of soap and cheese, but about the divergent histories of two particular lumps."

"You have put me in mind of a question we ought to have asked," said the philosopher. "It is clear enough that faith and reason are different, but not so obvious that they must also be alike. Soaps and cheeses, for instance, have in common that they belong to the familiar world of household sundries and it is as easy to confuse them as it is easy to distinguish them, for they are similar in colour and texture though different in taste and odour."

"Is the social setting of faith and reason what you are looking for? The tutor, for example, is one to use his head before putting his hand in his pocket, while the old woman took no heed of her pence when she bought those flowers."

"You mean that reason is careful, and faith improvident in money matters?"

"Yes," I said.

"But I do not remember your saying that your problem was to do with money."

"It is not; and I think there must be some more subtle difference between faith and reason which is manifested in these practical ways."

"We could never find a difference of this sort to satisfy you," said the philosopher. "The truth is that we have taken hold of these two names, 'reason' and 'faith,' and cannot make them act as we expect. Were we explorers of continents and not of the understanding, and had we discovered two new tribes, we should be able to distinguish them by the odd features in which they played a variation on the theme of human being, their hair straight or curly, their noses squat or aquiline. If we had to name them for the first time, the action of the names we chose would spring out of the setting already familiar to us through the use of 'Chinese' or 'Berber' in connection with other odd features of face and custom. 'Reason' and 'faith' are not like these names: there is not in the same way a setting for their performance. That is why you were confused with those general arguments."

"You mean when we were involved in paradoxes about faith always demanding a hearing outside the court of reason, and the like?"

"I mean when we were wondering if there is a sort of reason which can judge over both faith and reason, and whether philosophy is such. Among tribesmen, if we found a third tribe we could agree on the procedure, and either lump them in with one of the other tribes or set them up with a name and status of their own. We discuss faces and foibles, intent on the same points and stressing the same details as when we discuss Chinese or French. An equally accessible background sets off soap and cheese, or, for that matter, honesty, insolence and hope. But we are ignorant of the background in the region we are discussing, though not altogether prepared to admit it. We can attach a perfectly good meaning to the idea of finding a new tribe and drawing out the differences between tribes: there is nothing as yet in the idea of discovering a new and different kind of reasoning which reasons about the difference of faith and reason and is acceptable to both. We cannot set out on the quest, for we have no idea of the direction to take."

"Does that mean that we must also give up the search to find the difference between faith and reason and the hope of choosing between them?"

"We cannot say there is no kind of reason capable of such judgment. It only makes sense to deny, for instance, that there are giants because, besides the good reasons we have for doing so, there are also the bad reasons our forefathers had for believing they existed."

I reflected, and then said:

"I think now that it is too simple to hold that reason and faith are different things typified in two people behaving differently. The essential difference between them is that they deal with different kinds of thing. Reason is intent on statements of eye-witnesses, movements of ships and atoms, and desires and sensations: faith makes statements about sacrifices, miracles, the nature of sacraments and the death of the soul."

"Should we not draw a more general distinction?" asked the philosopher. "Without it there will be continual argument as to which class each item belongs to. It would also help us to judge between faith and reason if we could detect some general feature in which their objects are distinguished."

"I cannot think of such a feature, unless we are to say that the objects of faith are of everlasting value, and those of reason worth only passing notice."

"Reason will have its own back and ask why it is that before we have come to a judgment between the pair of them, we exalt faith and deprive reason of merit by condemning the objects of its activity."

"I find it difficult to answer," I said, "but do you know of any other distinction?"

"I remember that existence has been suggested."

"How do you mean?"

"Objects of reason are things that we really deal with every day, but objects of faith have no reality unless it be in the minds of those that ponder them."

"I am surprised to hear you put forward that view!"

"Would you rather say that the objects of reason are not real?"

"No," I agreed, "I seem after all to have led the argument up a blind alley."

"Never mind. We cannot begin to know where we are going in philosophy until we have a good idea of the country round. It was perhaps a mistake to try to find a distinction in what are termed the objects of faith and the objects of reason. But I should not be surprised to learn that this notion that faith's objects are less than shadows grew up among people so busy looking, hearing and measuring, exercising themselves and being inquisitive about each other's affairs, that they could only spare time for a casual thought about faith and reason, as if they were two tribesmen, or two things like soap and cheese, or hope and fear. Then they realised that the whole subject-matter of faith's remarks can neither be smelt nor tasted, nor interrogated nor indulged in. They gave up, as if these things could not be real at all."

I suggested a fresh approach.

"Is it not said that there are some faculties of the mind that have to do with tasting, seeing, assessing, and all the other activities connected with the world, and some faculties of the mind or soul which attain to a knowledge of things heavenly?"

"Would you go on to say that reason is the exercise of the former faculties, and faith the exercise of the latter faculties?"

"That is what I was getting at."

"Then I think we shall be told that, as ghosts are frequently subjects of our imagination, and giant strides common sensations in dreaming, so saints are hallucinations of the dreaming heart, and devils and sin and holy terrors are imaginations caused by a weary mind. In general, we shall be told that the difference between reason and faith is that the faculties of reason are practical, whereas the characteristic of faith is indulgence in continual fantasy."

"That does not seem very satisfactory. What do we say in reply?"

"I shall have to remind you," said the philosopher, "that some visual illusions are very nearly true; some imaginings are based on real lights mysteriously burning, and some happenings that we thought we had dreamed turn out to be stray memories."

"That is so."

"We can only speak of what are collectively called illusions because we can trace their connections with daily and true perceptions. Are there, as far as you can see, any such relations between the intuitions of faith and the searchings of reason? I am, of course, not asking about the dreams of hell that some good Brother may have after some particularly good pasty. By and large, I think you will want to say that though there may be some other sort of connection, yet there is not a connection of the kind we can trace between illusions and the reality of daily sights and sounds."

"I cannot help feeling that, if there were such a connection, we should be as familiar with it, as we are with dreams and shadows which only puzzle children. We should not have been led into our discussion; you would have told me at once that as dreaming is on the whole a useless and unpractical occupation, so those who lead the life of faith are on the whole impractical people of no great use."

The philosopher did not at once reply. He remarked at length:

"I wonder if the exercise of faith is not to be compared with a man who wakes from a sleep full of dreams. He has the greatest difficulty in telling which of the many impressions crowding in on him belong to the fading dream and which are fragmentary appreciations of the room and people about him. The true objects of faith may appear in a maze of others, not dissimilar in form, but very different in origin. Yet as a man wakes, it is not he himself nor the room that changes."

It had begun to grow cold and we turned to go our different ways.

"We have not made much progress," I said.

"You tried to comprehend reason and faith in one snatch," he replied, "and have now experienced some of the holds which other talkers are likely to put on the convolutions of the subject. They will not find it so easy to twist your more flexible understanding. In time we may improve our acquaintance with faith and reason where they fall in with one another. Could we do so, our meetings with both would be enlivened. As a philosopher I can only attend to all in trouble like yourself; I lead you round where I have already explored and hope we shall stray together into new paths. You thought a quick decision between faith and reason might solve your moral difficulty, but you only stimulated a quarrel between the pair of them. If there is a discoverable relation, we must know it to be able to say what moral judgments are: expounding it is not the way to any human choice."

T. E. NODDER

The Arts and Entertainment

Picasso and Others

THIS has been an unusually rich and suggestive month in the London Galleries, but nothing so far has eclipsed the Picasso drawings which are on view at the Marlborough Galleries until the end of next week. I suggested in my last article that they make the quest for significant subjects seem an idle pursuit; they also make arguments about realism and abstraction or about means of presenting the human figure seem irrelevant. That is not to say that they represent the artist at his best but simply that they show him allowing his talents to operate most naturally at a time when so much is achieved only with the most anxious deliberation and debate. They are essentially dramatic, and the material which Picasso manipulates is of two kinds. There are those encounters (and the series as a whole, of which about a third are on view, is a sequence of human encounters) which are particularly meaningful to the artist—meetings between himself and his model or his public. Attached to these elementary encounters are common and traditional images—of masks and masked figures, of clowns, the conflict between youth and age, between beauty and ugliness. Among Picasso's achievements in this series is that he has brought such properties as clowns and masks out of the world of literary or indeed artistic convention into reality; and that is because he has written not, so to speak, in a chancery script, but in a normal cursive handwriting.

Everyone interested must know by now that the drawings were made in 1953-54 during "a lacerating phase of his personal life"; and we have been warned at least once not to let this influence our judgment. Whether or not an artist does benefit from, let alone require, a temporary or permanent wound, he certainly needs something to move the pulse. Roger Fry once suggested that he had better be inspired by something away from art and æsthetics—perspective, say, as in the case of Uccello or anatomy, but that is not enough either, I suggest, if such interests do not warm to the heat of excitement. Drawing, unlike the inscribing of poems or music, is a physical activity, subject to the material pressures of bone and muscle; it betrays the urgency and control of the physical self (is linked most directly to the nerves), the painter or sculptor is an executant and teaching or criticism which ignores that fact is as pointless as a review of a concert which deals only with matters of musicianship. That is the importance of their emotional history. These drawings are most various in their penetration and seriousness, but there is not a tired one among them. In consequence the line becomes an instrument through which the objects speak the parts which the painter has written for them. The energy and rhythm which moves relentlessly through the whole series could only have been fulfilled by the maintenance of a programme. If they *are* illustrative, it is important to recognise that they are not sustained by the evolutions and convolutions of a theme, but by the reality of each fresh encounter between the figures in the drama.

It is interesting to notice that where Picasso uses the more complicated medium of coloured crayons, the power and actuality is immediately diminished. The best drawings have a subtle and complicated eloquence and truth which Picasso has seldom surpassed. In quality they are consistently superior, even at their slightest, to his neo-classical drawings of other times. In those his knowledge of the figure, his superb visual memory and his gift for pastiche combined to produce works of exceptional fluency and charm, but it was like watching a boxer strumming on a punchball. They do not, however, rise to the eminence of the studies for Guernica, for in the latter passion and energy seem directly to have formed the images, whereas in the recent series the condition of feeling seems rather to have sustained the level of performance and execution.

It was disconcerting to move from this show to that called *Measurement and Proportion* which has had a regrettably short run at the A.I.A. Gallery and closes this week-end. It is surprising in fact that such a show has not been held earlier, for the study and use of symmetry and proportion has in recent years been revived in architecture, mainly under the inspiration of Le Corbusier's Modulor, in art historical studies and in painting. The works in the exhibition are dominated by the presence of Victor Pasmore, for the abstract ones are mainly by artists now associated with him and the figurative ones by adherents of the Euston Road School or the Slade. The danger, of course, is that such a study or obsession will provide the material for pictures rather than regulate their form. Pictures which demonstrate as a mathematical or geometric proposition are liable to be no more interesting than others which demonstrate the bloom on a grape. That the Golden Mean, for example, is mysterious in its operation is undeniable, but it is only valuable when it helps to clarify, harmonise or enhance some other experience.

It is unfortunate that Mark Tobey, the American painter, should have appeared in this month of exceptional competition, particularly unfortunate that his show should coincide with the showing of Mrs. Hulton's Klee drawings at the Tate. Tobey began, most unimpressively on the evidence of his early work at the I.C.A., in the footsteps of Marsden Hartley, but in recent years his master has been Paul Klee and Mr. Lawrence Alloway's introduction to the catalogue seems to me to exaggerate not only his talent but also his originality. When a line took Klee for a walk, the source of the painter's experience came along

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too and directed the line's operation. Tobey's calligraphy is by comparison mechanical and automatic and what directs the line is fancy rather than imagination, a certain Transatlantic slickness rather than feeling.

BASIL TAYLOR

Children of Silence

"Thursday's Children," at the Carlton
"20,000 Leagues under the Sea," at the Marble Arch Odeon

My excuse for not reviewing *Thursday's Children* before must be that bigger though not better films have come in between. It may be found at the Carlton, supporting, as they say, Miss Susan Hayward in *Untamed*; and if merit, simplicity and eloquent appeal have any push this film will get itself screened in every English town. For here is a documentary to remind us that in penny-plain we once held the field. It is not austere, never didactic or uneasy. Half a dozen children are seated at table playing at grown-ups, and if they don't chatter that's because they can't. They're learning to speak, but it's a hard business: they are deaf.

Into a double world of childhood and silence the film makers, Guy Brenton and Lindsay Anderson, take us as easily as if the matter were chestnut time or a trip to the seaside. How many weeks and months, how much sympathy they must have expended in this special State-aided school I don't know; all I know is that the children, in class, at meals or at play, are completely themselves—and themselves, in this case, means expressive beyond the normal. For they do naturally what the silent film did by convention: they question and love, they do, they are, in silence. Words, formulated thoughts, may be near; one in three, we are told, will attain full speech and worldly communication. The others will work with their hands and, though handicapped, retain who knows what innocence—their future is not perhaps so unhappy as it may seem. Meanwhile we have the puzzled, shy, animate faces. Never have I seen children in a film—and almost one film in twenty now tries to redeem itself with a child-actor—so alive or appealing.

We watch them discover. Words and their objects are put up on a blackboard; the teacher speaks, they lip-read; their fingers are brought to the speaker's mouth, urging them to imitate muscular shape and action; they feel the blowings or resonance of the lips; sounds are breathed on to a balloon to which, with their lips, they attend; they mime a simple story; their attempts at speech are corrected by eye and by touch; a few children in uncertain voice may be responding to the mirror-instruction of their teacher. They seem less self-centred and competitive, more serious, gentle, and affectionate than the child of noise whose sentences tend to begin with "I." And all this, the patient, wearisome way to speech, is conveyed not as a technique but as an inquiry into children's lives, by means as plain as the cinema knows. The whole film is a model of unobtrusive skill. There's almost nothing in it that the children themselves would not know and enjoy, and our sharing of this is a remarkable experience. *Thursday's Children*, I may say, gained an Oscar—and for once earned it—and if film companies or the Government knew a good thing, Mr. Brenton and Mr. Anderson would be given a free hand to get on with whatever they chose.

The new Walt Disney is much the best he has done with actors and adventure—which isn't saying much. Some of the excitement has gone out of Jules Verne's submarine—so much in advance of its time—and a moral has been added in the shape of atom bombs and such: still, the Nautilus keeps a grip, and its mysterious Captain Nemo (James Mason) intrigues the fancy. The monster craft with its attacks on slave ships, the windows looking out on wrecks and giant squids, the marine gardening and chef's special of unborn octopus and Bach played on the organ in moments of crisis, are a cut above similar thrills devised since: I was worried chiefly by the undue freedom allowed to the professor's party in this strange pirate vessel. As a clowning sailor Mr. Kirk Douglas gives a performance both dexterous and charming.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Ring

To a listener who has heard *The Ring* only in post-war Covent Garden or post-war Bayreuth, Rudolf Kempe's treatment of the music in the current London cycle comes as a revelation. London performances used to centre on Kirsten Flagstad's Brünnhilde and (when we were lucky) Hans Hotter's Wotan. At Bayreuth—well, enough has been written about Wieland Wagner's aims there; the conductors have been Keilberth, a reliable, understanding Wagnerian, and Knappertsbusch, leisurely and majestic, and able at climaxes to draw on orchestral splendour such as one has never heard before.

Though it would be absurd to resist the tonal embrace of Bayreuth's acoustic, Mr. Kempe has made us see the force of Richard Strauss's objection, fifteen years ago, that "many of the inexhaustible riches of the score are lost at Bayreuth . . . On the whole I am more in favour of the old Italian theatre." In such a theatre Mr. Kempe has been giving us performances of chamber-music subtlety. Here, but not at Bayreuth, we hear a whispered pianissimo from the horns at Sieglinde's "Ein Wunder will mich gemahnen," so that Leonie Rysanek can deliver the phrase with sweet, gentle tone and the intimacy of a Lieder singer. Here Wotan can confide his narration to Brünnhilde, and so to us. He need not propel it through enveloping string tone; Mr. Kempe keeps the strings to a murmured accompaniment. At Bayreuth everything blends in a smooth sound; voices and orchestra lap round the listener. When this style is essayed in a conventional opera house where the orchestra is more prominent, the singers are encouraged to bark, so that their lines may come through. Even in the little Theater an der Wien one hears singers battle against the orchestra. But at Covent Garden Mr. Kempe, by reducing the scale for long stretches at a time—almost the whole first act of *The Valkyrie*—has achieved a delicate balance — fiery and passionate at climaxes, but often gentle and tender.

There are consequent losses, and those who go anticipating a luxurious sound-bath will be disappointed. But the gain is enormous—for this so far has been a lyrical *Ring*, a *Ring* where the participants have been encouraged to produce nothing but beautiful singing. Shaw remarked (after a performance by Patti of Elisabeth's Prayer) that if a Wagnerian passage were sung as beautifully as possible "it simply could not take the wrong expression . . . she attacks the prayer with the single aim of making it sound as beautiful as possible; and this being precisely what Wagner's own musical aim was, she goes straight to the right phrasing, the right vocal touch, and the right turn of every musical phrase." After *The Rheingold* and *The Valkyrie* one thought of these words, particularly in relation to Maria von Ilosvay's Fricka. Conventionally, Fricka is shrewish and sings shrewishly. But Miss von Ilosvay's clear, beautiful tones touched notes of scorn, appeal, indignation, domesticity, so tellingly as to make most other modern Frickas seem caricatures.

The casting in the two first operas was good, with Hans Hotter finer than ever when he had such delicate orchestral support, Ramon Vinay giving a penetrating study of Siegmund (vocally more refined than when he first sang it at Bayreuth two years ago), Erich Witte a fine-drawn Loge. Appraisal of the Brünnhilde and Siegfried, Margaret Harshaw and Set Svanholm, must wait until after *Götterdämmerung*; in *Siegfried* they were disappointing. Miss Harshaw was at her best as the youthful goddess of *The Valkyrie*, but thereafter she barely scratched the surface of the character; Mr. Svanholm's dry, rough singing and well-intentioned but clumsy acting showed up particularly badly in the prevailing Covent Garden style.

Rudolf Hartmann's production still has its failings—notably in the staging of the *Valkyrie* fight—but some of it has been memorable. Leslie Hurry's cut-out settings are mere decoration. None of this can obscure the fact that the London *Ring* has something exceptional to offer to the world. It could become a goal for Wagnerian pilgrims.

ANDREW PORTER

"The Diary of a Nobody," at the Duchess

All who have read *The Diary of a Nobody* cannot but wish to see Mr. Pooter on the stage. "What a scream he'd be," we say. "He's a natural." And in a way, up to a certain point, we are right. He is the stuff a stage part is made of. Egotistical, comical, frequently the victim of tragedy in his own eyes, utterly, complacently sure of himself, the scapegoat victim of other's folly, he is, nevertheless, an endearing and, because ineffectual, a sympathetic character. Yet on stage, in the Duchess Theatre's adaptation by Mr. Basil Dean and Mr. Richard Blake, he almost ceases to amuse. In Mr. Leslie Henson's capable hands those delicate nuances of fatuity which gave life and character to Mr. Pooter have been banished, and in their place a smooth static quality of good-humour has been imposed. This might have sufficed in a play that depended on gag-lines, and not on a subtle evocation of period atmosphere. But in any case the play dissolves into a series of sketches, of which Lupin's engagement scene single-handed practically saves the play. It manages to raise the spirit—so one may imagine it—of a Victorian musical evening, and if none was blessed with Mr. Alan Macnaughtan's extraordinarily funny parody of Henry Irving in *The Bells*, then none was stricken with that smoke-belching monosyllabic Mr. Padge.

M. C.

Correspondence

FAITH AND REASON

SIR,—Mr. Wicken's essay was very good, but there are three things in it that cannot be allowed to pass without comment.

First, he implies that people who believe in things that cannot be scientifically verified are somehow dishonest. Surely it requires just as much of an act of faith to believe that scientific verification is the only kind of verification as it does to believe that it is not. It does not seem to me intellectually dishonest to grant that some people may have a faculty for verifying metaphysical propositions that others are denied. Colour-blind men, after all, usually believe that they are missing something. We accept a great many things on trust. We use wirelesses without being capable of finding out how they work. The important thing is that they work. So does religion. The fact that some people can do without it is beside the point. Colour-blind men get along more or less all right.

Secondly, I think Mr. Wicken is wrong about the conflict between science and religion. The point is not that religion claims to explain one class of phenomenon and science another, but that religion claims to explain, to some extent, why things happen, while science explains how they happen. One explains what works the machine and the other what it does. In spite of Professor Ryle I think most scientists agree that they do not know enough definitely to exclude the possibility of a ghost, and a great many feel that, whether or not there is in fact a ghost, at least the machine is the kind of machine that could be worked by a ghost. The interpenetration of mind and matter seems to support this notion.

Thirdly, Mr. Wicken says that he has never had an experience for which there is no explanation in the textbooks. This I simply do not believe.

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London, W.8.

SIR,—Mr. Wicken, in his prize-winning essay, writes: "Intellectual integrity forbids [the thoughtful man] to use unverifiable or unverified beliefs in choosing his ends." But does he really expect us to believe that we can choose ends without using unverifiable beliefs? The word "better" has no meaning in science or in scientifically verifiable facts, and we have no reason to prefer joy to misery, love to hate, life to death, or, for that matter, knowledge to ignorance. Yet Mr. Wicken eats his breakfast, and searches for truth. If he were really agnostic about ends, he should say on getting up in the morning: "I know that my breakfast is pleasant, and keeps me alive, but I cannot know that it is not better to be unhappy and dead, therefore I have no reason to eat breakfast." But, of course, we all make unverifiable value-judgments the whole time, as we must. Mr. Wicken is merely refusing to make an ethical system to match his intellectual one; he might as well refuse to play cricket because it cannot be played by the rules of football. He denies the emotional commonplaces which cry out for the value-judgments of religion and humanism because they have no predetermined headings in his filing cabinet.

Mr. Wicken's position seems as absurd as that of a man who buys an expensive sports car, learns to drive it superbly, and then never uses it because he cannot decide whether the Lake District is nicer than Snowdonia; he has been given the whole superb mental equipment of man and would waste it because there is no logical reason to prefer, say, St. Francis to Adolf Hitler. If this is not the nadir of absurdity, what is? MICHAEL BAILEY

5 Linton Road,
Oxford.

FAMILY PORTRAIT

SIR,—Mr. J. R. L. Charleton is mistaken in thinking that the three passages named by him are the only places in the Bible where brothers of Jesus are referred to. There are also Matthew XIII, 55-56, and Mark VI, 3, where the brothers are mentioned by name, and sisters are mentioned too: John II, 12, and VII, 3, 5, 10; Acts I, 14; I Corinthians IX, 5; and Galatians I, 19, where one of the brothers is named again.

The Hebrew language may have had no separate name for "cousin"; but the New Testament is written in Greek. When St. Paul wants to say that St. Mark is the cousin of St. Barnabas, he uses the Greek word *anepsios* (Collossians IV, 10) and not *adelphos*, the word for "brother." *Family Portrait* is based on the natural assumption that the New Testament means what it says.

Roman Catholics have a right to put any far-fetched construction they please on the texts in question. But what right have they—a minority—to dictate to the majority of listeners what they shall or shall not hear on Easter Sunday or any other day? And is not the characterisation of a play as "quasi-blasphemous," merely because it represents the mother of Jesus as a normal mother and not a virgin quasi-goddess (I thank Mr. Charleton for that word "quasi"!) indicative of a basically pagan and rather nasty slant on life?

Oxford. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

[We have had many other letters supporting Critic's comment, and correcting Mr. Charleton's biblical errors.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—In London Diary of May 14, Critic complains of Cardinal Griffin's protest against the broadcast of *Family Portrait* on Easter Day, on the ground that "this is . . . . still a Protestant country"; he hints at a No-Popery campaign, and makes the sinister statement that this is "a case for action" and not merely for protest. I should be interested to have from you, Sir, a declaration as to whether, had the Chief Rabbi protested against a broadcast during the Passover which offended Jewish religious susceptibilities, you would be happy to publish in your journal a note commenting that this is, after all, still a Gentile country, and going on to speak of an anti-Semitic campaign, and to urge "action rather than mere protest?"

I noticed no particular concern from your journal for the Protestant faith of this country during the controversy over Mrs. Knight. I should like to suggest that your contributors are accustomed to form their opinions less on the basis of general principles than they, or their readers, believe. They like what offends Catholics, because they dislike Catholics: they would dislike what offended Jews, because they like Jews. These likes and dislikes they have, of course, every right to: I merely plead that they be expressed as what they are, and not as sententious pronouncements from some supposedly lofty moral peak.

Critic considers a hypothetical case in which a broadcast pleased the Catholics but displeased the Protestants. This is not the correct parallel. A belief in the continued virginity of the Mother of Jesus distinguishes not so much Catholics from Protestants, as traditionalists from modernists: it is, I imagine, still shared by many members of the Church of England and of the Free Churches. It was presumably because he did not wish to concentrate on what was of offence only, or particularly, to Catholics that, as Critics says, Cardinal Griffin made much more of a point about *Family Portrait* than about *Martin Luther*. If the Bishops of the Church of England made no protest about the broadcast of the former on that particular day, they might well have been expected to, and would have been well within their rights in doing so. It can hardly be held to be Cardinal Griffin's responsibility that they did not.

All Souls College, MICHAEL DUMMETT
Oxford.

[Critic writes: I willingly agree that the B.B.C., being a monopoly institution, should try not to give grave offence to Catholics on Easter Sunday, Jews during Passover, or Labour on May Day. Many comments that have reached me support my view that the tone of Sir Ian Jacob's reply to Cardinal Griffin was "abject," and such as he would not have used in reply to a protest from any other body of listeners. I believe it may be necessary to organise against the political pressure of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and I assumed that it was the hierarchy, rather than individual Roman Catholics, who were angry with the B.B.C. I am confirmed in this view by an admirable comment of Mr. Gilbert Harding's in the *People* (May 22). Mr. Harding wrote: "I am a Roman Catholic convert (and we are generally considered to be fanatical), yet I saw the play and thought it was beautifully written and sensitively acted. While Roman Catholics believe that the Virgin Mary could not possibly have had more than one Son, it is quite useless for them to expect that everybody must believe the same. . . . The play could not have given offence to anyone of intelligence, and it is always a lamentable thing for powerful pressure groups to try to influence important organs of publicity like the B.B.C. or the newspapers."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE GAZA INCIDENT

SIR,—I have followed with interest Lt. Col. Ramati's version of the Gaza incident (*N.S. & N.*, April 2) and Brigadier McCormack's subsequent clarification. Perhaps it is time that an Egyptian comment was offered.

First, I can hardly add anything to the more expert and impartial account of a military gentleman like Brigadier McCormack. But that Lt. Col. Ramati should go out of his way to give us such a coloured version would lead to one conclusion only, that he deliberately set out to paint a singularly ungallant ambush as a heroic engagement in order to bolster up morale at home. Col. Ramati himself was at no pains to hide this.

Secondly, I would seriously question the wisdom of this "activist" policy. It has set back for many years the prospects of peace in the Middle East, a peace which is undesirable to no one, and least of all to Israel. Peace with the Arabs is essential to Israel's continuance. The cause of such a peace can best be served by a course of restraint and moderation, and not one of savage reprisal against every minor border violation. If anything, such "trigger-happiness" stems from internal tension, not strength. Col. Ramati asserts that courage breeds morale, and morale courage; possibly it has escaped him that murder breeds rancour, and rancour murder in turn.

None would wish to see the Middle East plunged into bitter strife once more. Least of all Egypt, which is at present occupied with a vast programme of social reform and economic and industrial reconstruction. Israel would do well to occupy herself

To thaw... or not to thaw?

Reviewing recent Soviet novels, some Western critics have expressed the opinion that there are new trends becoming evident in Soviet literature.

They have noted, they say, a certain "warmth" creeping in . . . more humanity . . . less rigidity . . . more concern with people as *people* rather than as units in a society. . . .

How true is this? Is there a "new trend"? Were the critics right in their assessment of the "old trend"? How much have you *yourself* read of the work of new, up-and-coming writers and poets at work in the Soviet Union? And where can you read them?

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likewise, instead of expending sixty per cent. of her budget on armament. As far as Egypt is concerned, Israel is only a nuisance on her northern borders, which in time may wear itself out or assume threatening proportions, according to the exigences of international power politics.

In conclusion, one would wish that the whole Middle East problem was as simple and clear-cut as Mr. Connell put it, when in the opening lines of his letter he naively declared: "Brigadier McCormack is pro-Egyptian. I am pro-Israeli."

4 Onslow Gardens, S.W.7. E. KHODARY

P.O.U.M.

SIR,—Neither of your correspondents on the subject of the P.O.U.M. mentions just what it was that once brought these obscure initials into the world's headlines and made even Critic feel at that time even Orwell's defence of the P.O.U.M. to be "pro-Franco." The event in question was the armed revolt which occurred in Barcelona in May, 1937, during a critical period of the Spanish Civil War.

Franco's forces, occupying the central part of Spain, had launched an offensive northward against the Basque country. Their greatest fear, in this situation, was of an attack by the Republicans from the east, from Catalonia. At this moment the P.O.U.M. struck at the Republican rear. Having contrived to divert considerable quantities of arms from the front, including artillery, it now made a bid for power with them in the Catalan capital. Franco's radio stations at Salamanca and Saragossa greeted the outbreak with enthusiasm, calling on the people of Barcelona to rally behind the P.O.U.M. and "hurl the Russian dictators out of the country." The bulk of the workers, however, Anarchists as well as Socialists and Communists, sided with the Republican authorities, and the revolt collapsed, but not until casualties of 900 killed and 2,500 wounded had been incurred. Subsequent investigation showed that the P.O.U.M.'s leaders had maintained contact with Franco through a liaison centre at Perpignan.

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Critic drew attention recently to alleged rewriting of history in the U.S.S.R. so as to reduce the role played by Trotsky in certain events. How strange that he should deny, by implication, in calling the P.O.U.M. "Anarchist," the rôle of Trotsky as inspirer and guide of that organisation—the pride of the "Fourth International" and Fascism's secret weapon against Spanish democracy. BRIAN PEARCE

71 Chalfont Avenue,
Wembley.

THE DAM BUSTERS

SIR,—William Whitebait, reviewing the film *The Dam Busters*, asks why, when a book which everyone knows is made into a film, so much individuality gets lost. In particular, he complains that the film differs from the book in its presentation of "Bomber" Harris. The answer is, no doubt, that the opportunity was taken—when making a film which is supposed to represent facts rather than fiction—to remove or correct some of the inaccuracies and misconceptions to be found in the book. I was present at the meeting between Sir Arthur Harris and Dr. Barnes Wallis, and Harris certainly never used the words attributed to him by Mr. Paul Brickhill. It was not his custom to greet strangers in such a fashion.

The fundamental misconception on which the book is based—that Dr. Wallis "hatched" the idea of destroying the Ruhr dams—still remains in the film. The fact is that the idea was worked out by the Air Staff in 1938, in a paper dealing with vulnerable points in Western Germany. It fell to my lot, as Director of Operational Requirements in the Air Ministry, to issue the requirements for a weapon that could serve this purpose; but at that time no one could solve the problem. Dr. Wallis invented the weapon, which proved brilliantly successful, but he did not originate the idea.

Oxleas, Burghclere, Berkshire. R. SAUNDBY, *Air Marshal (Retired)*

D. H. LAWRENCE

SIR,—Distance, not dilatoriness, is responsible for the delay of these comments on Mr. Muggeridge's reassessment of D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. Years of work on a critical study of Lawrence have convinced me that the psychoanalytic clichés traditional in considering Lawrence invariably lose what he said in the critic's effort to find the personal frustrations accountable for his saying it. Mr. Muggeridge has laid Lawrence out on his psychoanalytic couch and gotten nowhere, like the many others who have tried it. Lawrence's essential ideas, never static but under constant re-examination and refinement through a sequence of works, have been so blurred by gossip and distorted by wrong emphasis like Mr. Muggeridge's that it will take some time to retrieve them. It is dismaying to find him at this late day in alignment with the earlier William York Tyndall, whose attitude has already changed markedly. From Mr. Muggeridge one would never guess that all Lawrence wrote was set in a context of rigorously honest exploration. One would never guess that, though some of his expressions like "blood-knowledge" were unfortunate, they were only provisional tools for probing when no other tools were available. One would never guess that his desperate dreams, fantastic epithets, and irrationalities in general, were only the dust from a titanic struggle and not its core.

The trivialities, the excessive indignation, and the overall superficiality with which Mr. Muggeridge's treatment is studded, hardly disclose the "strength and verve" of the Lawrence he purports to assess. He writes with relish, as proof of Lawrence's inveterate climbing, that after marrying the daughter of a German baron, he wrote letters on coroneted notepaper, and in some cases pointed an arrow to the coronet. Does it really matter if he took pride in his wife's title? Would it be hard to find similar peccadillos in numerous other writers of great distinction, whose writing came off none the worse? Since Mr. Muggeridge has raised the issue, I would suggest the obvious possibility that his wife bought the paper and Lawrence used it because it was at hand, and that, playful as he often could be, he was what my Kentucky forbears called "horsing around" in pointing the arrow to the coronet in a caricature of surprise over his own "attainment."

But these would all be venial sins in Mr. Muggeridge, were it not that in his embittered preoccupation with the man he has further obscured the writer and made of a supposed reassessment a vehicle for reiterating the moth-eaten irrelevancies contrived by those whose friendship with Lawrence had become corroded. MARY FREEMAN

1206 Benjamin Franklin Drive,
Sarasota, Florida.

BRITISH RAILWAYS REGRET

SIR,—In your issue of May 7 the writer of "British Railways Regret" made a statement which was not true and which was very painful for me to read.

He states that Mr. Phipps, a one-time guard on the Delph Donkey, was "lifted from the floor of the van, stone dead."

Mr. Phipps was my father, who, after completing his service on the railway, enjoyed five years' retirement, and died at home only three years ago.

I should be grateful if you would inform your writer of this error, as it made very unpleasant reading *for* my mother and myself. JESSIE PHIPPS

405 Oldham Road,
Lydgate, Nr. Oldham.

A CASE OF CO-EXISTENCE

SIR,—In my essay on "A Case of Co-existence" I suggested that the Turkish social system, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was entirely different from that of Christian Europe (I gave the evidence: liquidation of aristocracies, absence of hereditary privilege, a system of state slavery), and that it was welcomed by the subject peoples and classes of Eastern Europe through hatred of the oppressions of their Christian masters—than which, however, it proved in fact no milder. Mr. Rothstein, in his magisterial Muscovite way, says that this is all wrong. And why? If his oracular verbiage is reduced to clarity, his point is simple. Turkish domination did not, in fact, bring relief to the lower classes (I agree); therefore (a) it cannot be called a different social system from Christian rule, and (b) it cannot be compared with Communist domination in Eastern Europe. . . . I leave your readers to consider the logic of this argument. H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Christ Church, Oxford.

"BONJOUR TRISTESSE."

SIR,—It is surprising that so acute a critic as John Raymond should take Françoise Sagan's novel seriously. As far as I am aware, no French critic of comparable standing has done so. It is true that it sold over 200,000 copies in France; but surely the main reason was its mention—as an example of "viciousness" among the young generation—by François Mauriac in one of his *Figaro* articles. It is also true that Mlle Sagan's style is very good—there is no doubt that she has literary talent—but surely the verdict should be: this first novel by a girl of nineteen is just a brilliant piece of writing, but in itself hardly worth serious attention. Certainly not a demonstration "that the art of fiction is alive and kicking," as John Raymond writes.

Paris. GEORGE WALLERSTON

VELASQUEZ

SIR,—I am glad to have given Professor Gowing a chance to restate his views. What appeared to be a chasm is now a mere *nuance*. J. L. NICHOLSON

53 Frognal, N.W.3.

THE "TITANIC"

SIR,—I am completing a book on the *Titanic* disaster and would very much like to get in touch with survivors, or anybody on the rescue ship *Carpathia*. If any of your readers can help, I would greatly appreciate it. WALTER LORD

25 E. 38 St., New York 16.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The New Obscurantism

"It's the younger generation, knock, knock . . ." no, not knocking at the door, because whatever else the now despised intellectuals of the Thirties achieved, or failed to achieve, they certainly kept the door wide open for their post-war critics. Running as hard as we could between 1931 and 1939, we just managed to stay in the same place; when the rest of Europe was rattling down to barbarism Britain retained its liberties. But no such plea will win the Thirties any quittance from those younger critics whose talents have now won them positions of responsibility on Conservative periodicals. We must expect them to be brash, uncompromising and discourteous to the Thirties, just as we intellectuals of the Twenties were towards the pre-1914 generation which we accused of leading us into war and of perpetuating all the evils of unfettered capitalism. Remembering our own foolishness and how clever we turned out to be, we should treat them with every respect, and make allowance for the fact that every generation, as it pushes aside the stodgy figures that bar the way, finds some difficulty in distinguishing between the natural ambition to reach the top of the ladder and the disinterested search for eternal truth.

At first, the nature of the attack on the intellectuals of the Thirties may be surprising. Many of us have felt guilty because the progressive cause lost the day in Spain where the European liberal tradition was most indisputably on trial. We also failed to prevent the second world war. We tried, too, to convert England to Socialism, and succeeded only in persuading Labour and Tory leaders alike to settle for the Welfare State. But these failures are not the basis of the new higher criticism. On the contrary, our crime was to have made such Utopian endeavours; to have accepted liberty, equality and fraternity as ideological objectives, and (in company with Sir Winston Churchill) to have courted the Soviet alliance against Nazi Germany. "The men with dirty hands in the inter-war years were the intellectuals," writes Mr. Fairlie (an aspiring Garvin or perhaps a de Maistre) in a recent issue of the *Spectator*. All of us, "Right and Left," he says, are seen in perspective to be guilty of the great betrayal. This, of course, does somewhat ease the pain we should otherwise feel at the censure of this austere moralist. If not only the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, but also Chesterton, Eliot, and intellectuals of the Right are included in a single anathema, then indeed our sin must be of a very common kind—almost as common as, say, the use of reason, the search for safety in danger, or the desire to improve the lot of suffering humanity.

The occasion of this particularly comprehensive attack is another book about Harold Laski.* Laski, as I found when my own Memoir was published, provides the Conservative critic with an irresistible target. He was immensely influential, both as a professor and a politician, and particularly vulnerable because he was apt to talk like a philosopher on the platform and write like a politician in books of political philosophy. Because I knew how intertwined his politics and philosophy were, I did not devote a chapter to a systematic analysis of his political theory, but contented myself with marking and explaining each phase of his thought in relation to the changing political scene. Mr. Deane has painstakingly classified these phases, and found, as was obvious to anyone who knew him well, that there was not one definitive Laski philosophy, as there was, for example, a philosophy of John Stuart Mill or T. H. Green, but a series of developing and sometimes inconsistent positions. Laski, the pluralist who revolted against the Leviathan State in the First World War, became the Fabian reformer who necessarily re-established the centralised State; the Laski who faced the democratic disasters of 1931 and 1933, became increasingly sceptical of gradualism and sympathetic to the Marxist position. Mr. Deane, conscientiously analysing Laski's views about the State, the problems of obedience, human rights and economic and political change, finds in each case enough inconsistencies to bring cheer to the hearts of Laski's political opponents. Where he has gone wrong is in looking for a consistency and accuracy in books and newspaper articles that were rather reactions to the immediate calls of politics and journalism than contributions to pure theory. Sometimes it is clear that Mr. Deane fails to understand what Laski meant. This is particularly true when he discusses his attitude to the Soviet Union. He writes:

> One is forced to ask how Laski can simultaneously hold these two contradictory views of Russian post-war foreign policy: first, that it has been a defensible, non-expansionist policy of building up its own strength to meet the real dangers of capitalist encirclement and attack, and, second, that the Soviet Union has demonstrated a completely "ruthless" attitude toward the satellite states and that, since late in 1946, "the directive of the Politbureau in Moscow was mainly hostile to the kind of effort which would lead to any real *modus vivendi* between Russia and its allies, on the one hand, and to (*sic*) the United States and its allies, on the other."

In fact, there is no contradiction here, no example of "Laski's general ability to hold thoroughly inconsistent positions." There is something much more simple—two statements, each emphasising aspects of a complex truth. Laski held that Russia built up its strength because it feared attack from the West and added that it did not, as he thought it should have done, use that position of strength in a way likely to modify the hostility of the West. A precisely similar diagnosis could be made of Western policy, which can be accused of strengthening its military power against the Communist bloc without at the same time behaving in such a way as to increase a chance of achieving a *modus vivendi* with the Kremlin.

This is not an example of that confusion between love of liberty and impatience for change that certainly haunted Laski's writing. It is that Mr. Deane, generally a thoughtful and objective thinker, seems to assume, when Russia is mentioned, that one must either be consistently hostile or a fellow-traveller. Laski was neither, and neither Mr. Deane, nor anyone else, would expect him to make any such flat-footed and unperceptive a choice if he had been generalising about France or the United States.

Mr. Fairlie's attack goes much further. He not only regards Laski as an apologist for "the most abominable dictatorship this century has known." He was guilty, like the rest of us, of "Utopianism." "The man who gives his loyalty to liberty, or equality, or fraternity, can always restate liberty, equality and fraternity in terms which justify even the most atrocious crimes against humanity." In short, any ideology to which men are prepared to sacrifice the goods of the present for the betterment of the future is a "betrayal". All progress is a myth, to be dismissed as Utopianism.

Were we Utopians in the Thirties? The belief in automatic progress through science, which was so common in the nineteenth century, had faded long before. In my day at Cambridge, soon after the First World War, we were sceptical followers of Bertrand Russell, took our Socialism from the unfanatical pages of Tawney's *Aquisitive Society*, and if we became neo-Marxists later on (how little the Communists would have allowed us the title!) it was not because we were uncritical or Utopian. It was because we were driven by two motives of which the present generation are unconscious.

Mr. Fairlie and his friends live in a Welfare State in which their consciences are not daily harrowed by the fact of two million unemployed. They are able to write as they do because they eat their breakfast in the morning without the thought that they ought to be sharing it with families who are trying to live on 26s. a week. Hunger in overseas and colonial territories is not before their eyes as it was in our day in South Wales or Jarrow. Secondly, so far from being Utopian and optimistic about creating a new world, the intellectuals of the Thirties were desperate defenders of the liberal tradition of the West against those who, both in Spain and Germany, denied the modest thesis that men, through the power of their own reason, might in some degree increase the measure of their own happiness.

Marxism, Mr. Fairlie should notice, is part of the European tradition, about which he speaks with such confidence. It is an offshoot, though a fanatical one, perverted in its Eastern environment, of the liberal stream that flows steadily from the Renaissance. It is based on the tenet that men's characters can be changed, and their behaviour improved, by changes and improvements in environment. It assumes that knowledge is obtainable, and reason the instrument by which knowledge can be used for man's greater happiness. It opens the way to sociological research; it denies original sin, and it looks forward to a time when, after a revolutionary period, liberty, lost in the struggle, may be reconquered. About this, Laski may have been too optimistic, but today there seems a chance that the dictatorial phase in Moscow is on the wane. However that may be, the West in the Thirties had

* *The Political Ideas of Harold J. Laski.* By HERBERT A. DEANE. *Oxford: Columbia.* 45s.

a choice between allying itself with this part of the Western tradition or with the alternative that was hatched in Nazi Germany. Goebbels put it frankly and precisely when he said that the object of the Nazi revolution was to end for ever "the principles of the French Revolution." The time had come for the instinct of the German *volk* to take the place of the *Kultur* of the decadent intellectuals of the West, and for the *Herrenvolk* to rule "for a thousand years" by right of racial superiority over the *Untermenschen* of France, Russia, and the Slav world.

Mr. Fairlie is contemptuous of Laski because he was careless in his use of words, and sometimes slipshod in his journalism. I shall have accomplished all I wished in this article if I can persuade him to face the problems of his own day with half the courage of Laski in the Thirties. He and his colleagues face a menacing post-war world as we did in the Twenties, and they suffer from the lack of any of that generous inspiration that came in our day from preachers like Shaw and Wells, and from Liberals like Laski, whose nerves, exposed to this world's miseries, quivered intolerably in response to the pain around him. Instead, they are brought up under the guidance of Professor Oakeshott, Laski's successor at the London School of Economics. It was he who, in his inaugural lecture on Political Education, declared that mankind sails over a "boundless and bottomless sea" in which there is "neither harbour for shelter nor floor for anchorage, neither starting-point nor appointed destination," where the "seamanship consists in using the resources of a traditional manner of behaviour in order to make a friend of every inimical occasion."

Personally, I agree that there is no appointed destination, but not that we can abrogate the duty of seeking to decide the direction in which we shall sail. It is in this effort that I see the real purpose and value of the Renaissance, which gave us the greater happiness of men as a goal, reason as a rudder, and science to put wind in our sails. Progress has no certain or appointed destination; we may be piled upon the rocks, wrecked by storms or carried by currents to now unimaginable destinations. But to give up the effort to steer is to my mind a real betrayal of the European tradition. Mr. Fairlie has to choose whether he believes that all efforts to improve human society are futile because man is shaped in sin and born in iniquity, so that only Grace and not economics and sociology are important. In that case he will be at home in the villages of Spain and Ireland, rather than in England, where Conservative statesmen suffer, like Liberals and Socialists, under the illusion that it is better to build houses than to preach to slums. He must also beware lest, in his realistic contempt for Utopianism, the ideals of liberty and equality, and the brotherhood of man, he finds himself with those who hold that the whole of Western civilisation has been a mistake, that instinct is better than reason, force better than persuasion, woman the recreation of the tired warrior, and that the word of the Führer is law. I am far from believing that Mr. Fairlie is a disciple of Dr. Goebbels, but there are plenty of people in Germany today who will recognise the logical end of the path on which he has set his feet.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Gale

In this sudden tempest at the night's heart,
Among the remotest revolutions of the clock,
I see that from an hour before the fall of dark
We have watched an archetype and been tempest-taught
Something we forgot because we needed to forget.

I see that for many years we have been stone-blind
To what was waiting as close as at our hand,
The abrupt entry of this mounting wind,
That in the crescendo of one night has turned
Autumn's blue plain to a sea's hills of sound.

Sometimes a low, sometimes a louder noise
Troubled the formless corners of that haze
Unseen to self-preoccupying eyes:
Tonight there is a cancelling of averages,
Burst of a wind, scattering of paper days.

In a dumb flood from Pole and northern Bear
Swift tide of cloud undercut moon and star;
And I have heard the first scream, tumbling, roar,
Tree of the forest torn up light as a hair,
And perceive that the archetype of peace is war.

This gale's normality is not to observe
The normality of any trim sine-curve.
It is like infatuation not like love:
There is no little pattern into which it can weave,
It fits only the great pattern we live.

A monster is the pitch of all likelihood.
A lowland river is the one to flood.
A germless table is to make us bleed.
A whole year sober then one bare night mad.
What the trim pattern had made one thread destroyed.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

The Strange Case of Mr. Powell

The Acceptance World. By ANTHONY POWELL. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

If I were asked to recommend to a foreigner a book which would illuminate some of the baffling difficulties of English social life, I should choose above all the Mr. Anthony Powell's projected sequence *The Music of Time* of which *The Acceptance World* is the third volume. At least, I would do so, provided the foreigner had a good grasp of our idiom, for Mr. Powell is a subtle writer, one who has to be appreciated slowly and read with a luxuriant pleasure in the sharp taste of a phrase. The segment of English life which he dissects with a sort of wry and affectionate relish is, it is true, a very narrow one indeed; the existence of anyone below the thousand-a-year level is barely recognised for anything but such banausically practical purposes as driving its taxis for it or serving it with expensive food and frequent drinks. But that itself is as typically English of the time as it could possibly be. Mr. Powell's characters live on the frontiers of the upper classes and, like most frontier peoples, combine the worst characteristics of those on each side of the border they inhabit. For to one side their territory slopes up to the country houses, the assured positions, the inherited incomes, the coronets on the napkins; on the other it slopes down through picture galleries and publishing houses into the higher Bohemia, and from below there whiffs even of Fitzrovia drift up. These in-betweeners have the instability of the second group without the justification or the zest, and the complacence of the first without the sense of responsibility or values.

The Acceptance World describes the same characters we saw in early youth in the other two novels; now they are approaching their thirties in the great depression of 1931-32. And its total impression is of this section of society in a state of total disintegration. Their marriages are all breaking up, their lives are parasitic, dragging along in a moral and spiritual vacuum, running, if at all, on the momentum of their common educational past in the Etonian "reserve." Their's is a mean and passionless existence, devoid alike of faith and principle and even of a sense of direction, much less of achievement. They engage themselves a certain amount with the arts and with "love." But art for them is some sort of inverted snobbery game where the trump cards are the worst pictures, while "love" is a barren and unrelated state which serves periodically to isolate its victims in a temporary state of ruttish anxiety. This is for all its brilliance and funniness a sad book, so it strikes me. There is no pleasure anywhere, no enjoyment, no enthusiasm. The most active observable emotion is malice, a sly pleasure at the news of a couple's parting or a friend's failure to get on. They are a doomed lot wriggling in a closed circle from which they do not even want to get out.

Mr. Powell evokes the scene brilliantly, and my only doubt about his book is whether he is aware that the world he describes is as nasty as it is. For needless to say this is not how he presents it, character by character and incident by incident. His narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, is on the contrary quite contentedly in the centre of the mess, accepting it. Apart from his ironic twist of phrase in observation, he has a tolerant forbearance and a marked absence of point of view. He puts down a deliberate smoke-screen of uncertainty over the whole question of motive. He never comes out into the open. There is always a "perhaps," a "probably," and an "evidently," and "it might have been because" to qualify any verdict of his own; and this gives the effect of suggesting that the will is operating in his characters to an extent which their behaviour hardly bears out. Only the ungainly Widmerpool, the character least corrupted by "connections," turns up at the end with a bull-dozing determination to shape his own life; and he is a bore.

If at first this volume seems a little meandering, we soon realise that Mr. Powell knows exactly where he is going. There is, to start with, an appalling unity of place, however superficially varied the scene. We start in a ghastly private hotel on the wrong side of the Park; move from the Ritz to a business man's reservation in the Maidenhead district; return to London to enjoy some bad pictures at a Bond Street Gallery; gape in Hyde Park at a demonstration of the unemployed headed by a band of dishevelled intellectuals of our acquaintance; play French billiards in a Soho drinking Club; and finish up at the Ritz again at an Etonian Old Boys' Dinner. We have moved around a great deal and have never travelled far.

Yet no one who has embarked on this trip, which Mr. Powell conducts with such an astringent eye for character, place and situation alike, will want to get off before it is completed: or will want it to be completed too soon. The shadow of catastrophe is already looming up in this volume, and we are already speculating on how each one will fare when it overtakes them. The characters are as alive and real to us as that. At least the men are. For this is exclusively a man's world. The women exist more for the men than in their own right, and the men find them baffling and incomprehensible. They treat them with the wary distrust with which the unmechanical motorist treats the engine of his motor car as something which has sudden unpredictable fits of not going, and then he doesn't know what to do with it; he peers at it and fiddles and bangs, or else he simply waits fuming, and then equally unpredictably it will start again, without even having been understood. But this is not a criticism of Mr. Powell's handling. Isn't it, on the contrary, a very exact picture and doesn't it make his novel more revealingly English than ever?

RICHARD LISTER

Delicate Mr. Gray

Thomas Gray. By R. W. KETTON-CREMER. *Cambridge.* 25*s.*

The poems of Thomas Gray are almost all, by now, dead poems. This is not a judgment: it is not—just yet—a proposition that most of Gray's work *ought* to be dead: death has simply overtaken his poems inasmuch as they appear to be little esteemed or read at the present day by people to whom poems are a pleasure and a comfort. Between its felicities, a mild analysis would do havoc even to Gray's *Elegy*.

If these things are so, fascinating questions may be advanced; and if you write a life of Gray, from his mother's millinery shop to Eton, from Eton to Florence with Horace Walpole, from there to the company of his old maids at Stoke Poges and to those rooms at Cambridge which he scented with pot-pourri, then at least you must know that someone may ask, tendentiously, why Gray was a "great" poet until about thirty years ago? Someone may ask what the situation can have been, into which Gray fitted so precisely for so long, in which his poems marched so resolutely upon that path of diminishing glory which led from the Concordance? Why did a man who, as Coleridge remarked, had so much taste, poetic feeling, and fancy, so contradict himself?

It is not enough to say that Gray's poems could be accepted by those who do not care for poetry, only as long as the upas tree recurred in leading articles in *The Times*; or to affirm that Gray's appeal was to a liking for the noble commonplaces expressed in commonplace style. Of course, Gray's style does belong to the higher commonplace. Someone has lately written that if the materials of the Elegy were poetic, it was because other poets—Milton especially—had made them so. Yet was Gray himself commonplace, this Gray of Mr. Ketton-Cremer's account, or of any previous account?

He was not, as we know; but he combined two persons in one—or was a small peculiar captivating man in that mask of compensation so frequently worn by those of his temperament. How can Gray write "In the east the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blew expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn"—and then substitute for such private receptivity the cold images and the lazy verbs of his less private compositions? How were two Grays, the direct intimate Gray and the poetic and pompous Gray, co-existent? The Gray who could talk ironically of death by falling out of bed with one's head in the chamber-pot, and the Gray of whom Walpole remarked "all his words are measured, and chosen and formed into sentences; his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable"?

Here is a problem in biography: here is the only child, sickly, tied to his mother, appalled (one supposes) by his detestable father. The milliner's child goes to Eton, he associates with the child of the Prime Minister, he becomes a snob—detesting snobbery. He goes to the ball in Rome, "where the world danced and I sat in a corner"; but he must both continue in his corner and dance out of it—or strut out of it—to the dictionary of quotations. Read his travel narratives, says Dr. Johnson, and you will wish "that to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment."

Arnold talked of Gray as the "born poet"—who "fell upon an age of prose," and never spoke out; certainly he was too weak to defy, if not his age, then his situation. Christopher Smart defied his situation, and which is it we now prefer, Gray's pindarism or the *Song to David*? "One wonders uneasily," says Mr. Ketton-Cremer, "if Gray's view of that miraculous poem was any more sympathetic" than the view of William Mason, Gray's friend, that it showed Smart as mad as ever.

Indeed, that is Mr. Ketton-Cremer's only approach to uneasiness. His life of Gray is so cool, it is so well-bred, that a reviewer hardly cares or dares to chivvy him for a delusion. His Gray is still entirely the Poet; is still Gray the Great Poet, yet great only by the ejaculation and reiteration of adjectives. His poems are lovely, delightful, enchanting, great and greatest (of the century). "I have refrained throughout from introducing the terms or conclusions of psycho-analysis, because I regard it as no part of a biographer's duty to carry speculation beyond the evidence"; but psycho-analysis appears in this situation only a large word for excusing a failure to examine Gray below the skin.

Mr. Ketton-Cremer corrects his predecessors, he brings in the skeleton of every fact, everything known and, one would think, knowable about Gray; yet he appears to assert that being a gentleman writing for gentlemen, he need not answer so ungentlemanly a critic as Dr. Johnson; he need not reprove him, need not repeat with Macaulay and the dons that Johnson's life of Gray (which told most of the truth so long ago) was "his greatest blunder"; need not mention Temple's letter charging Gray with—

> that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Congreve: though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress that they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered himself merely as a man of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amusement.

Of course, had Mr. Ketton-Cremer not been so sure of the greatness of Gray as the Gentleman's Poet, he could have been fairer to him for his other qualities. If, as Coleridge said, Gray was without imagination, if he shone only with a spurious glitter in a century with Pope, Thomson, Collins, Diaper, and Smart at one end, Chatterton, Crabbe, Blake and Burns at the other, there are still reasons for knowing Gray of the letters, the Gray who kept an owl, enjoyed Miller's Gardeners' Dictionary, poked about for beetles' eggs in a dead mole, and appreciated Gordale Scar. That is the Gray, the small, self-indulgent, melancholic, receptive Gray inside his mask, who would not trust himself; whom we shall be given only in an inclusive book at once more genial and less genteel, less complacent and more critical.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Animal Mentality

The Psychology of Animals in Zoos and Circuses. By H. HEDIGER. *Butterworth.* 30*s.*

When Dumb Animals Talk. By MAURICE BURTON. *Hutchinson.* 6*s.*

One of the reasons why animal behaviour is so fascinating a subject is because it offers such opportunities to the amateur. Whether these are taken is another matter; nevertheless the matron with her dachshund, the *garçonne* with her Siamese cat, the schoolboy with his grass-snake, his sister with her hamster, all have the equipment necessary for research. Somebody ought really to write a manual for their guidance. Meanwhile, read Dr. Hediger.

In its development, as he points out, animal psychology has oscillated between the anthropomorphic and the mechanistic approaches. A century ago a standard work was Scheitlin's *The Study Of The Souls Of Animals* in which our great grandfathers read that

> the elephant by nature is peculiarly affectionate, attached and trustful and its soul is without guile. How friendly it is towards the horse whose nobility it acknowledges. . . . And how dear are children to it. . . . Many tunes are known to affect them deeply, both males and females, exciting them to sympathy and love in a way unknown to any other animals.

Charming, perhaps, but not science. The reaction against such nonsense was later codified by Lloyd Morgan with his dictum of the Principle of Economy, according to which an observer must never consider an animal's actions as higher psychical performances but must always ascribe

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HART-DAVIS

them to the simplest ascertainable cause. This, together with Pavlov's discovery of the conditioned reflex as a nervous process which could be studied in isolation from the rest of the animal's behaviour and measured exactly, led to a rather austerely if not aridly mechanistic approach from which, in recent years, there has been some slight counter-reaction.

Dr. Hediger, who is both Director of the Zürich Zoo and Professor of Animal Psychology at Zürich University, has combined the viewpoints of the trained scientific experimentalist and the animal-lover to produce several delightful books. In this one, he rambles anecdotally and most agreeably while keeping you rooted in zoological exactitude. One of his most exciting studies is of *Tursiops Truncatus*, the porpoise, as observed, in liberal captivity, at the Marineland Aquarium in Florida. The combination of intelligence—their forebrains appear to be exceptionally well developed, something to do perhaps with their beak-like mouths—and amenability which these creatures display is remarkable. After reading about Flippy, a young male porpoise who was trained, in a surprisingly short time, to do all sorts of things, including drawing a surf-board load of the inevitable bathing belle, you need no longer think of Arion's dolphin as legendary. Also most impressive is the stratagem employed by the wily and immensely sociable four-year-old gorilla, Achilles, in the Basle Zoo, to ensure that his young girl keeper had to spend the night with him in the cage. (To the dismay of reporters, who had tried to play the story up into a Tarzanian romance, it was later discovered that Achilles was a female.)

On the basis, too, of his zoo experience, Dr. Hediger has interesting original observations to make about the function of leadership in various species and its relation to taming, the importance of the concept of an animal's home, and the amount of territory needed by different species. Among practical researches are a gibbon's daily time-table, and two night-watches, one in a circus, the other in the Belgian Congo, to investigate the sleeping habits of elephants. There are some exhilarating photographs of the strange, almost ritual-seeming dance-like fights between male rattlesnakes during the breeding season—exactly similar performances have been observed among English adders. Another photograph, rare surely, is of the birth of a giraffe; this takes place while the mother is standing, so that the infant's first experience is the traumatic one of being dropped from a considerable height.

Dr. Burton writes for children but there is no reason why any adult animalians should turn up their noses at *When Dumb Animals Talk*. Give it as a present but read it first. It makes an excellent introduction to animal behaviour and takes care to avoid any undue anthropomorphism. The title signifies the importance of various forms of communication between animals and each other and their environment. The subjects include automatic responses such as alarm signals, and some curious effects such as dazzle, or confusion, as a means of mass defence against a preying enemy.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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La Fontaine in English

Selected Fables of La Fontaine. Translated by MARIANNE MOORE. *Faber*. 10s. 6d.

Public poetry, such as La Fontaine's, supposes a society with broadly agreed standards of taste to read it. To attempt—and fail—to imagine a modern volume of verse which could accompany General MacArthur on campaign, brighten the evening of a Washington hostess, be recommended by some high prelatical adviser to the tutors at Buckingham Palace, and be seriously reviewed in this journal, is to recognise that here is a problem of transposition even more than of translation. Since the seventeenth century the common denominator of taste has not merely altered (which set the comparatively simple problem of the Victorian translator); for poetry, it has vanished altogether. However, there is still a sectional taste, shared by what for convenience may be called cultured intellectuals, which is reasonably consistent. In writing for this minority, which has no affinities whatever with La Fontaine's original public, Miss Moore has nevertheless offered her author in the only quarter where he may be acceptable. She has made, in spite of a number of minor weaknesses, the only possible translation for the nineteen-fifties.

I do not want to suggest a deliberate manoeuvre by a poet of already proved integrity. Her own poems have shown her regard for exact observation and language—a sure sign of an infallible conscience. In this work she has taken immense pains to avoid betraying her original. Her foreword alone, thanking a whole faculty of advisers and helpers, is evidence enough. She goes on to reproduce the exact rhyme-patterns of La Fontaine and has even aimed "to approximate the original rhythms of the fables." Before calling this ingenuity misguided, it is well to reflect that it is part and parcel of an attitude towards verse to which, as a contemporary, she is committed. Better to half overcome the difficulty than to avoid it. As for La Fontaine's own publicity picture of the poet lying on the grass idly revolving rhymes while beetles or Philis settle on his stomach, today it would smack, at best, of the Georgian.

How does this work out in practice? On the first page Miss Moore has performed the near-miracle of renewing such a well-worn fable as *The Grasshopper and the Ant*, using the identical rhyme-pattern, as always, and precisely the same number of words—one hundred and nine. This last must be accidental, but even so, it is a technical feat whose magnitude perhaps only fellow-translators can appreciate. Into this narrow mould she packs everything. In accordance with her formula, it is packed invisibly. The casualness of La Fontaine's —

Elle alla crier famine
Chez la fourmi sa voisine,

looks amateurish, but is in fact highly professional, beside:

She chirred a recurrent chant
Of want beside an ant,

which personally I prefer for its loving and successful labour. Again and again some quiet hint of La Fontaine's, thrown out for tired aristocrats, is taken up by an exacting modern intelligence which expands, then re-compresses it:

Ainsi, dans les dangers qui nous suivent en croupe . . .
So, when the horseman is hovered by perils too dire to outleap . . .

Amour! Amour! quand tu nous tiens . . .
Love, ah Love, when your slipknot's drawn . . .

Aux conseils de la mer et de l'ambition
Nous devons fermer les oreilles.
To temptations which ambition and the sea intone
We must be deaf—our ears, citadels.

To the intellectual-metaphysical mind these renderings will seem more effective, because more obviously meaningful, than the original. When La Fontaine is colloquial, Miss Moore can also match him. On the rare occasions when he is "poetic," she has the counter-line, though she has to draw on a quite different tradition to find it:

Sur les humides bords des royaumes du vent.
On the misty fringe of the wind's domain.

Her translation is delightful in its detail which, as I have suggested, is the first thing likely to be put under scrutiny by her readers. If few of these fables are completely successful as wholes, that is mainly due to the over-scrupulous respect for La Fontaine's form. Sometimes, however, Miss Moore digests this and she then produces a fascinating synthesis of two very different poets:

A scratching cock struck back
A pearl, which he took
With a cluck to a jeweller,
Saying, "Exceptional—
But no grain is too small
To be treasure that I would prefer."

GEOFFREY BRERETON

Slaves of the Napkin Ring

English Social Differences. By T. H. PEAR. *Allen & Unwin*. 18s.

That the schoolboy wearing a topper has a better chance of growing into a Cabinet Minister; that a winged moustache will elevate its owner above one moping down; that of all words in the language "serviette" will most damn him who utters it in the ears of him who prefers "napkin" (whose napkin-ring in turn will astound a third); that the poodle's acquaintances are not the whippet's; that the elongated rugger-ball confers on those who toy with it a glitter denied to the soccer-ball, and lacrosse aspires higher than hockey; that between stools at a milk-bar and in a cocktail lounge yawns the abyss; that bowler, black felt, and cap mark a descending scale, and hatlessness may be an evasion or an assertion, hair itself lofty or low, propertied, politically bumptious—such hallmarks form a bright picture-strip round the title *English Social Differences*, so that one turns eagerly within.

Professor Pear is inquiring into the confusions of the Welfare State. Three old classes still predominate, but élites are beginning to oust aristocracy, B.B.C. English makes for a bilingual people, the doors have been opened as never before to the adventurer. Not that accent, dress, tastes, money are less distinguishing marks than they were, but they are more available. The element of play-acting is more on the surface; Ascot is the outfitter's gala, and the devotee of the made-up tie can buy one tied clumsily. New symbols have popped up. The piano has gone from parlours and the telly moved in, so that, while half the population are busy putting up masts, others rise superior to the whole thing. And so it goes on. Some are moving up and some down, and

never did our national game of Snakes and Ladders present a more dazzling aspect.

Coffee is more highbrow, remarks Professor Pear, than tea—unless you pour in the tea first—as well as more high-class; now—hey, espresso!—a gadget enables us to make coffee drinkable as well as socially warming. What we eat and drink, and at what times of the day, when we wear hats and when we don't, whether we say "Nao" in tones used to "Texi!" or "Oi ain't," what animals we keep and what kill, what we talk about and—even more important—what we don't: nothing, it seems, in this England of 1954 is untouched by prestige or class. Buses provide a fluid frontier of the class war, and the new artisan favours the saloon bar and bottled beer. All the oddities of a bloodless revolution, with gradual dispossessions and lootings, sarcasm as its favourite weapon, and Nationalisation its guillotine, meet the eye at every street corner.

Professor Pear calmly surveys the scene—investigates the background of judges, contrasts new universities with old, complains that some layers still resist the anthropologist, discourses on snobbery, taboo, and the Great Middle Class (which now includes dustmen and Royalty)—and the only snag is that it is largely a paper survey. Goffmann asserts this, Beaglehole notes that; pubs have been watched by Mass Observers, but not long week-ends; a bibliography of 240 books and articles will reward the reader, who may wonder whether a sharp-nosed journalist couldn't have found as much and dispensed with the apparatus.

However, if Professor Pear isn't fascinating, his subject is; and *English Social Differences* will send us off with new relish to an interior where the fox is a sportsman and Duchesses don't go to chapel.

G. W. STONIER

Detection and Suchlike

Scales of Justice. By NGAIO MARSH. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Deadly Bedfellows. By STEPHEN RANSOME. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fools Die on Friday. By A. A. FAIR. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

At Death's Door. By LEO BRUCE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Thin Air. By HOWARD BROWNE. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Generous Heart. By KENNETH FEARING. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Messrs. Collins started publishing detection under their "Crime Club" label twenty-five years ago, and they are celebrating their silver wedding with crime appropriately: Miss Ngaio Marsh has turned out one of the best books she has ever written to grace the festive occasion. Miss Marsh's style does not please everyone. She carries on where Miss Dorothy Sayers left off; her Roderick Alleyn is a chastened version of Lord Peter Wimsey, and her books are often heavily loaded with crudely snobbish class-consciousness. But, given the right plot, her workmanship can be magnificent. In *Scales of Justice* we find ourselves bedded down among the upper classes in an almost feudal village as comfortably as the Welfare State permits. A fisherman Colonel is found dead beside a trout. What's wrong with the trout? Ah! The characters, redolent of a bygone age of gracious living, go straight to Miss Marsh's heart. Nevertheless she is careful to add the necessary touch of caricature that enables us to suspect any one of her nice people. Even when Roderick Alleyn (mercifully unencumbered by wife and family) has puzzled out the significance of the trout, the reader may not be much wiser, for Miss Marsh has the conjuror's art of switching our gaze to the sleeve where she is not harbouring the culprit. The solution is not flawless, the provenance and disposal of one of the murderous implements requiring some jugglery, but it is prettily calculated to bowl us over.

The setting for *Deadly Bedfellows* is a State election campaign in U.S.A., where local politicians are notoriously crooked with shady pasts that do not bear inspection. When a crusader for clean government gets on the track of some sordid hanky-panky and calls in private detectives to investigate it, he hardly has time to brief them before he is called away to keep an appointment with a bullet. Mr. Ransome does nothing by halves, and there can never have been a wider field of suspects: not a figure on the horizon of this hostile territory can be trusted, since even the police crouch before the political bosses. The development of the plot is extremely complicated and cunning and would bewilder the most hawk-eyed reader, had not Mr. Ransome himself given us a helping hand in his desire to contrast the two members of his detective team. Unless he changes his ways, I have discovered a back entrance to all Mr. Ransome's riddles. Schyler Cole's suspicions are invariably wrong, Luke Speare's invariably right: it's as easy as ABC to eliminate the red herrings and pick the winner.

An Erle Stanley Gardner is a hard nut to crack; and since it is now admitted that he masquerades as A. A. Fair, we know what we are up against in *Fools Die on Friday*. For one thing we are again up against Bertha Cool; and a more abominable lump of idiocy one hopes never to meet posing as a detective. Apart from her unwarrantable presence, this most peculiar poisoning affair proceeds at a gallop, and is solved by Donald Lam with the customary Californian bravura. Who dished out the arsenic? Remember the title, and if it is still available, the dust-jacket. The fools who die on Friday in California are convicted murderers, while the story is booked for a happy ending. Couple these data, and the only possible answer should click into view, in spite of the author's attempts to stall you with a double-take. Fair is fair, the saying goes; but the next A. A. Fair must concern the murder of Bertha Cool or it will not receive fair treatment from this reviewer.

In *At Death's Door* we are back in old England with its forced humour and leisurely ways; where the characters are roguish, the working-classes garrulous, and pubs inevitable. Yet the underlying plot is sound enough, a highly ingenious variation on an old theme which has been tripping up headstrong readers for the last twenty years and is good for at least another twenty. A black-mailing old woman is killed in her shop late at night, and the policeman on his beat who discovers the body does not live to report it. The reason for the crime is far neater than one would expect from the untidy process of investigation. But why does Mr. Bruce employ a jocular schoolmaster as substitute for his regular Sergeant Beef? If you can guess that, you need not worry further about the solution.

Though billed as a detective story, *Thin Air*, after the blank perplexity of the first chapter, develops into one of those gruelling American chases in which nobody ever gets tired but the reader. The hero, a high-powered executive in an advertising agency, loses his wife after a long night drive together: she enters the front door, he picks up the baby and follows, and she has gone. The baby makes things worse by saying her mummy never was there. Once the scent is picked up, the pursuit never stops for breath. Mr. Browne, as befits a man so well versed in advertising, knows exactly what the gaping public like and dishes it out; his style is irresistible.

In spite of the intense activity throbbing through advertising agencies by all accounts, the forceful characters who congregate there appear to have a lot of energy to spare. And whenever the typewriters in those palatial offices have an idle moment they seem to start tapping out detective stories and suchlike. *The Generous Heart* comes into the suchlike category. The hero, who organises publicity campaigns for charitable purposes, becomes aware that his firm is being snaffled by a gang of crooks, and has to fight his way out of the trap single-handed. Mr. Fearing, as admirers of *The Big Clock* will fondly remember, is an extremely powerful writer with a predilection for harrowing situations and torturous suspense. But in these titanic struggles between good and evil the forces ought to be equally matched. The villains in *The Generous Heart* should be devilishly ingenious; they certainly are devilish, but their ingenuity, in my opinion, lapses into the absurd.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Music, History, and the Musicologist

An Introduction to Musical History. By J. A. WESTRUP. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The New Oxford History of Music, Vol. II: Early Medieval Music up to 1300. Edited by DOM ANSELM HUGHES. *Oxford.* 45*s.*

Music in the Renaissance. By GUSTAVE REESE. *Dent.* 70*s.*

Being a "musical historian" clearly carries irksome responsibilities: it is not an easy matter to write history at the best of times, and music is only a tiny section, not even a very central one, of human life. How very difficult then to write its history so that it lives again in its social context. But the title of musicologist, with its scientific ring, offers an escape. Having devoted much time and effort to mastering the intricate problems posed by old notation and conditions of performance the second-rate musicologist can (all too often does) persuade himself that he is absolved from the responsibility of knowing anything about history as well. He devotes himself to the minute analysis of plainsong elaborations in the motets of Binchois, or the correct method of performing trills in works by Telemann, produces a thesis, proliferates students of his own kind, and upon his death goes gladly to argue with the angels about their use of *musica ficta*.

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In an Introductory essay to this selection from the writings of Kierkegaard, which aims at providing the essence of his beliefs, W. H. Auden evaluates and explains briefly the basis of Kierkegaard's polemic. Though his writings, says Auden, are often brilliantly poetic and often deeply philosophic, he was neither a poet nor a philosopher, but a preacher, an expounder and defender of Christian doctrine and Christian conduct. Every man, he argued, lives either æsthetically, ethically or religiously and he was concerned, for the most part, with describing the way in which these categories apply in Christian or post-Christian society.

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No wonder that in some circles "musicologist" is almost a term of abuse.

Professor Westrup's little book should do something to counter this unfortunate state of affairs, for he is an eminent musicologist who shows himself completely alive to the wider implications of musical history. From the first page he is concerned to point the analogy with history in general: a chronicle of works, an account of technical developments are not enough—we must try to see patterns in the facts without imposing them.

Thereafter the bulk of the book is given over to an analysis of some of the diverse factors which, through their influence upon composers, are relevant to musical history. In successive chapters the social background, the influence of ecclesiastical and secular patronage, of personal environment and of taste are examined with sympathetic astringency. Professor Westrup is a nicely selective weed-killer in the rank meadows of musical history; he deftly debunks any simple correlations between a composer's financial, religious or sexual condition and the characteristics of his music, but he pleads at the end that musicologists should devote their knowledge of the letter of old music to recovering its spirit. It is a timely plea—the more shame to musical historians that it has to stress what should be obvious.

Towards the end of last year two large new volumes of musical history appeared, each of them part of a series which attempts to cover the whole range of European musical history; it is interesting to see how they square with Professor Westrup's criteria, particularly as he is the general editor of the New Oxford History of Music, to which one of them belongs. The Oxford History had long been out of date, and this is a completely new work, not just a rehash of the old one. The first volume to appear is the second of the whole series, and covers the music of the Christian era up to the beginning of the fourteenth century—a pretty tall order, when one considers that this history is written with an eye to the needs of the general reader as well as the specialist, and therefore has to keep in focus both foreground and background.

The strain is impossible, of course, and matters are not improved by the plan of allotting separate chapters to different experts of varying eminence. Some of these are excellent in every way, as for example Professor Wellesz's on early Christian chant and the music of the Eastern churches, but others are less well balanced. Professor Handschin's chapter on "Trope, Sequence and Conductus" is far too high-powered for the general reader (and, one suspects, for a good many music students), while Monsignor Anglès's introduction to Gregorian chant is too brief. The volume has come in for a certain amount of criticism because of inaccuracies in detail, but these are not likely to worry or harm the general reader much, when all is said and done. It is the overall lack of balanced emphasis that I find more disturbing on a second reading of the book—an impression of fitful discontinuity that could have been avoided only by much more rigorous editing. Let us hope that these faults are not inseparable from the system of collective authorship; there are another ten volumes to come.

Professor Reese's new volume is also the work of many hands, as he gratefully acknowledges, but their contributions have all been digested into a single whole. The virtues of his book are precisely opposite to those of the New Oxford History volume, for they spring from its original and very satisfactory overall plan. The great difficulty facing a historian of music between, say, 1450 and 1600 is the appalling mobility of the musicians. Frenchmen turn up in Rome, Germans in Venice, and Flemings are ubiquitous. Professor Reese extracts a convincing unity from his subject by treating first of all the development of what he calls the "central musical language" in Italy and France, and then taking each of the peripheral countries (England, Spain, Germany and so on) as a separate study. This is a compromise which works and it cannot be praised too highly; but it must be admitted that the poor general reader is still in for a pretty thin time. The author is not very much concerned with aesthetic judgments or social background (partly because his book is conceived as complementary to Lang's *Music in Western Civilization*), and so the general effect is well-balanced but jejune. This is, in fact, a handbook for practising music historians.

On the whole it seems unlikely that a satisfactory large-scale history of music before 1600 *can* yet be written for the general reader—there is too much research still waiting to be done, and the general reader is too ignorant of musical technique. Professor Westrup's book is valuable because it suggests ways in which the expert, the musicologist, can make contact with the historically minded amateur—and at the same time gain fresh insight into his own studies.

JEREMY NOBLE

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Shorter Reviews

Beyond Neutrality. By M. V. C. JEFFREYS. *Pitman.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Education is our largest industry, for more people work in and around schools in one capacity or another, than in any other occupation, and the technical, administrative and financial problems are now so complex that it is easy to forget what the whole business is about. But behind every decision which is taken in the classroom, in the local education authority office, in the Ministry, there lies a hidden and even unconscious judgment of value, for the basic problem of education is not concerned with such matters as the teaching of Geography, or the backward child, or the furnishing of the classroom, or the best employment of inadequate funds. These are secondary issues which mask the real question: what ought people to be like, and how can education help them to become like it? For example, do we believe that man is self-perfectible, or that he can only achieve his full potentiality through God's help? If we were entirely logical, which perhaps fortunately most of us are not, the stand which we took upon this issue would colour the whole of our educational thinking and practice. Professor Jeffreys believes that we cannot be neutral on these matters. We must understand the implications of our assumptions about the nature of God and man and the State, and act accordingly. In general, of course, we dislike acting upon assumptions and fall over backwards in the attempt to be absolutely unbiased, but the contemporary passion for objectivity can simply lead to flabbiness when we are faced with problems outside the range of experimental proof. Reason can lead us to the point where we make the jump from knowledge to belief, but thereafter changes function, leading no longer, but instead restraining unreasonable beliefs.

Professor Jeffreys is a Christian and the five essays in this short book show most cogently the implications of his faith for education. Written with charm, lucidity and a complete lack of sanctimoniousness, they represent at its best the point of view upon which the greater part of European education is based. Even those who do not agree with him will gain from this book additional insight into their own position.

Bavarian Fantasy. By DESMOND CHAPMAN-HUSTON. *Murray.* 25*s.*

Ludwig was not called the Fairy King for nothing. In the words of Count Blome, "Nature had endowed him with more imagination than brain, and in his boyhood his heart was more neglected than anything else." An idle megalomaniac ruler, he passed from day-dreaming through madness to suicide. Chypre and Persian jasmine; flowers and the serene colour blue; knights and swans and water; these were his passions—together with the music of Wagner, the Great Friend, on whom he lavished his affection and his money. Throughout his incontinent perversions Ludwig continued to see himself as Lohengrin, magically pure, and in his secret diary reiterated plaintively: "No more kisses." He would take moonlit drives over the snow on his gilded rococo sleigh, with its sumptuous ermine rug, until at last lunacy began to enfold him, and unwilling abdication was followed by violent death.

The author has included a great deal of new material from letters, diaries, and journals, but has shown himself uninspired alike in selection and comment, while prone to brash and superficial psychoanalysis. Also one would like to have heard more of politics, and of Ludwig's superbly sited palaces at Neuschwanstein, Linderhof and Chiemsee. But the sad fantastic story has its own compulsion, and well repays a reading.

English Dolls, Effigies and Puppets. By ALICE K. EARLY. *Batsford.* 25*s.*

Many people who collect dolls in this country do so with the object of eventually selling their collections to America, where, as may be supposed, the best collections in the world have already been formed. Victorian wax and china dolls in good condition command a good price, and are becoming increasingly scarce as the exodus goes on. It seems a pity: these survivors from vanished nurseries are

a very personal possession, and soon perhaps there will scarcely be an aunt alive who can produce, on Sunday afternoons, a china doll lovingly laid away in tissue paper, to be played with carefully by visiting nieces and to have her hand-made wardrobe curiously admired. Modern dolls cannot compare with them; they are ugly, bold and meretricious by comparison. Present-day children can scarcely know the pleasures of the "best doll," and little girls today must be few indeed who possess this charming incentive to good sewing. (Yet there still exists one modest toy-shop which displays a notice to the effect that doll's dress-making is undertaken, and customers' own materials made up.)

Mrs. Early is evidently a collector who collects for love, not profit, since she admits to owning more than three hundred dolls, and her handsomely illustrated volume on the subject is written, if not with scholarship, at least with affection. The chief fault of this appealing book is perhaps that she has tried to treat the subject far too widely. Her great feeling, clearly, is for the nursery doll, but her historical knowledge has involved her with puppets and with funeral effigies as well (considerable subjects in themselves) with the result that none is dealt with really adequately. Still, in spite of this the book is instructive, with appendices on London toy-makers and the Montanari family, and the illustrations alone are worth having. It is a book which doll-collectors will wish to have, and which will surely send the few remaining owners of good dolls hurrying to their attics—not, one hopes, to see how saleable their treasures are, but in order to return them, on proper occasions, to their real life.

New Statesman Competitions. Edited by ARTHUR MARSHALL. *Turnstile Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

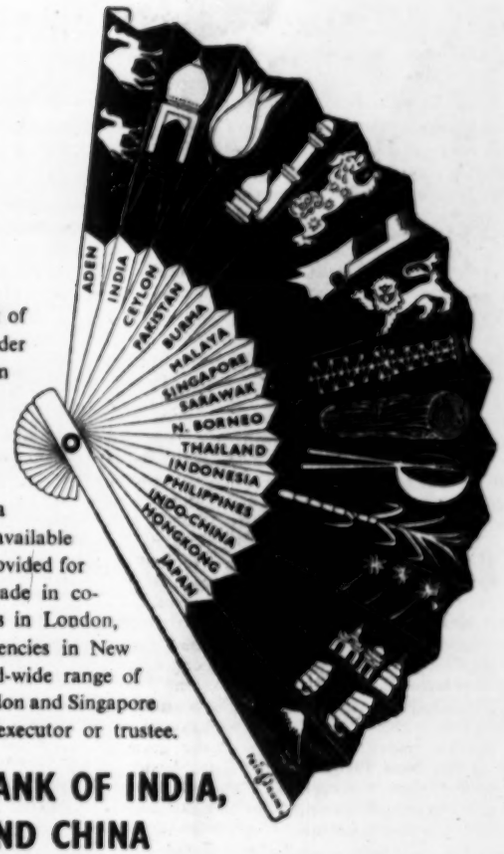
Those who indulge in the degraded but excusable pastime of reading this journal backwards will find all their recent favourites here: the Odes on the aphrodisiac properties of cocoa, the recipes for Grilled Gorilla's Foot and Trifle Angus Wilson, the Unpleasing Autobiographical Openings and the Faulty Advice to Foreigners—"there is no state-regulated harlotry, but it may safely be assumed that any person found *seated* in the National Portrait Gallery is a procurer or procuress." Mr. Marshall's bias is towards satire. He excludes translations from medieval French into Lallans, but quite properly repeats his own prize piece of Betjemanship, the celebration of the end of sweet-rationing, which begins:

> There's nougat at the Hendersons', the Hopes have got some fudge,
> And Pam has popped the pralines in the tool-bag of her Rudge.

This is the second selection to be published, and it covers the years 1946-1953. At the beginning there is an Honours Board, displaying the names of the more habitual prizewinners, which will confirm the worst suspicions of their rivals. The pictures by Mr. Brian Keogh are appallingly realistic and macabre, and the book is confidently recommended as a yardstick with which to gauge the possibilities of new acquaintances. A prize might now be offered for "A Letter of Apology to a Rich but Unsympathetic Relative, to whom a Copy of *New Statesman Competitions* has been Dispatched in Error."

Historical Whodunits. By HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON. *Phoenix House.* 18*s.*

It is hard to resist a good fiction mystery: even harder when the circumstances are accepted as a part of history, while their solution still remains in doubt. Mr. Ross Williamson plays scrupulously fair. He has his own theory which he believes will fit the facts in each case, but this is only allowed to emerge as the result of a dramatic though carefully assessed presentation of the evidence. He himself realises there may yet be casuistry in the method, and disarmingly points out where links are weak—where, for instance, the antecedents of Perkin Warbeck or the movements of James de la Cloche come in question. He also admits his prejudices, so that when two equally plausible answers occur we know which kind of explanation is likely to be preferred. After he has begun by rejecting the straightforward account of the death of Rufus in favour of its pagan



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Company Meeting

DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP, LIMITED

At the fifty-eighth Annual Meeting of shareholders held in Johannesburg on 9th May, 1955, Mr. N. W. S. Lewin, the Chairman, in the course of his remarks, said:

Compared with the previous year, there are slight decreases in the tonnage milled, the yield per ton and the average revenue per fine ounce of gold and, in consequence, total working revenue fell by £75,404 to £4,422,241. Working costs continued their upward movement and the result of these trends was that working profit decreased by £242,262 to £569,105. During the current year the mine has met with considerable difficulties due to a large inflow of water after the exceptionally heavy rains. These difficulties are being overcome, but they naturally had an adverse effect on both costs and tonnage. Due to a greater tonnage milled and a slightly higher yield, the company was, nevertheless, able to maintain its monthly profits for the first four months of the year at approximately last year's average.

The ore developed increased by 303,000 tons to 1,822,000 tons of an average value of 4.1 dwt. Slightly more than half of the tonnage developed was on the Main Reef and averaged 4.7 dwt. per ton, which is the highest value recorded on this Reef since 1946 when the value was 4.8 dwt. There was also a substantial increase in the tonnage opened up on the Kimberley Reef at an average value of 3.5 dwt.

The available ore reserve increased during the year by 670,000 tons to the highly satisfactory total of 8,413,000 tons of an average value of 4.2 dwt. over 60.2 inches.

It is expected that over the next few years expenditure on capital account will average £250,000 a year. It is proposed to finance the programme out of profits and this will obviously continue to be a limiting factor in regard to the dividends that can be expected to be declared over the period.

The report was adopted.

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or supernatural significance, it is hardly surprising to find later that he considers the presence of witchcraft one important clue to the meaning of the "Campden Wonder."

The real point where he can be faulted is that he has decided to preface this series of broadcast talks with an essay which has nothing to do with them, and which he originally delivered as a lecture to the Royal Society of Literature, on "History and the Writer." Here he disposes of academic historians with the assertion that "the meaning of history is to be found in what people do . . . Not 'the people' in the mass; but Great Men." If so, the rest of the book reads as a very cynical commentary on his text. It shows Cardinal Morton laying the foundation of the story, perpetuated by later Tudor apologists, that Richard III was wicked uncle to the Princes in the Tower; Cecil using the forged Casket Letters to incriminate Mary Queen of Scots; Shaftesbury and his associates doing rather more than just exploit the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey as part of their campaign over the Popish Plot. Great men are irrelevant to this theme, and history begins to appear something nearer a record edited in their own interests by those who happen to hold power.

The Communist Theory of Law. By HANS KELSEN. *Stevens.* 25*s.*

Dr. Hans Kelsen, the acknowledged leader of the "Vienna School" (whose suggestive legal theory owes a debt to Kant as well as to Austin), has now provided a highly concentrated analysis of the general theory of law advanced by Soviet jurists claiming to apply the principles of Communism. He concludes clearly and convincingly that all attempts to develop a theory of law based upon Marx's economic interpretation of society have failed because Soviet writers have substituted for a normative interpretation of law itself, a mere sociological inquiry into the conditions under which such a normative system comes into existence. This theoretical failure is a reflection of the unabashed adaptation of Soviet legal theory to every change in governmental policy. The insoluble conflict within the Soviet theory of international law (which is no law at all from the Marxian point of view) is well illustrated in the latter half of this valuable work.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,318

Set by Naomi Lewis

Serious poems are often made ridiculous by parody; the reverse process is almost entirely unknown. Prizes are offered for an ennobling of any familiar limerick, clerihew, or other short light verse into a poem by Milton, Wordsworth, Walt Whitman, or Dr. Watts. Limit 14 lines. Entries by June 7.

Result of No. 1,315

The usual prizes are offered for a General Election calypso, of not more than three verses and refrain.

Report by Marmaduke Dench

The new Grove hadn't caught up with the calypso, but it's safely in the new *Oxford Companion to Music* (which is shortly to be published):

> A kind of pattersong (often improvised and abounding in satirical and topical references) sung by the natives of Trinidad. The infectious rhythm and the characteristic trick of cramming in polysyllabic words without regard for the metre assisted the spread of its popularity to Britain and the United States in the late 1940s.

Certainly a definition was badly needed by some competitors: but those who shockingly confused the calypso and the plantation song were about balanced by those who knew so well what they were doing that they sent in the music too. Most of the expert entries, however, failed in being too contrived, too lacking in spontaneity—a calypso is essentially a commentary, not an argument. D. R. Peddy had a strong refrain:

> Polling Day! Polling Day!
> Everybody's waiting for the twenty-sixth of May.
> Like the Pools, you mark your crosses very secretly,
> Then you hear the list of winners from the B.B.C.

but his calypso fell down with one quite inappositely self-conscious line:

> With a nervous glance from time to time at Gallup Polls.

First prize of three guineas to Rodney Exton, who had the right calypso way of hopping inconsequently from point to point; second prizes of a guinea-and-a-half each to Joyce Longley (whose entry might characteristically have gone on and on *ad lib.*) and to Brenda Pool. Commended: Una Cheverton (for an entry dedicated to the rhythm section of Edmundo Ros's orchestra), H. J. Marshall, Edward Blishen, D. L. L. Clarke, H. A. C. Evans, and Trooper Jones.

GENERAL ELECTION CALYPSO

Tune: "Family—everything gone bad!" (Lord Invader)

Eléction—everyóne gone mád,
Like at de Tést Match in Trínidád.
Lábour say dere cónfident
To-kick-de Tóries from governmént.
Tóries offer de nátion
Cóntinued conservátion.
Anóther party is líberal,
But júst to fórfeit depósit as úsual.
Everyone to de poll,
Which ones goin to win control?

Consérvatives, dey have lóst esteem
Without a Chúrchill to lead their téam.
Who cán be the substitút?
For a wónderman of so gréat repute?
They chóse Sir Anthony Éden,
In díplomacy he's a stróng man.
Dórothy say him fine
To be trúe blue to de party líne.
Everyone to de poll
Which ones goin to win control?

At Sóut'end Labour Cónference
Have a mátter of difference.
Dey-take-de-whíp from Beván
Cos-him-too-indepéndant mán.
Attlee sáy "If you méss aroun',
You're a róbustman I will lick you down,"
Bévan pléad good inténtion,
Háppiness is de énd of convéntion.
Everyone to de poll
Which ones goin to win control?

RODNEY EXTON

De Liverpool Committee
Try to send Braddock away,
But London think it a pity
So Bessie is still de Queen of de May
On Election Day, Brudder, you're de boss
Sø back your fancy with a great big cross.
Mebbe you win, Brudder, mebbe you lose,
What does it matter—there's plenty good booze.

Lady Megan change her tune
Just like de Vicar of Bray,
She be back in Parliament soon
If not on de twenty-sixth of May.
On Election Day, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Attlee
Do a lubberly T.V. play,
Better look out Grove fam'ly
Or Clem and his Missus be coming your way.
On Election Day, etc.

JOYCE LONGLEY

Now listen all you voters, if your're seeking perfection
Put your X against me at the next election.
If you do you won't find anything to criticise
For your hours will be shorter and your wages will rise,
And every Old Age Pensioner will have extra tea
Provided by means of Atomic Energy.

Now listen all you voters, if you're seeking perfection
You must see that I'm returned at the next election.
I can safely promise you that every nation
Will live together in a peaceful relation,
And for the family I will also cater
Building lots of little houses with refrigerator.

So listen all you voters, if you seek perfection
Remember I'm your man at the next election.
Solomon for wisdom had a reputation
But I've had the benefit of High Education,
The Pope may be the man for infallibility
But as he isn't standing, you should vote for me.

BRENDA POOL

Company Meeting

THE UNITED MOLASSES COMPANY

The 29th annual general meeting of The United Molasses Company, Ltd., will be held on June 14 in London.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman and joint managing director, Mr. G. W. Scott, C.B.E., for the year 1954:—

The combined gross profits of the company and its proportion of subsidiary companies' profits amounted to £4,313,573, compared with £4,946,906 for the previous year. This reduction in gross profits bears out my forecast of twelve months ago, namely that the impact of lower shipping freights would result in some decline.

Once again in order to supplement the return to Ordinary Stockholders your directors have felt justified in recommending in addition to the final dividend, that a special cash distribution of 4 per cent., not subject to income tax, be paid out of the capital profits which have been credited to the Capital Reserve during the year.

Molasses prices during 1954 remained relatively stable and reasonable and these conditions were largely responsible for an increase in consumption. Furthermore, the exceptional value of Molasses for animal feeding purposes is becoming more widely appreciated.

Present indications are that the Gross Profits for the ensuing year will be satisfactory, but possibly at a slightly lower level than those for 1954. Profits should, however, be maintained at a level sufficient to cover normal dividend requirements.

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The Chess Board

No. 295 Suum Cuique

In trying to live up to the seasonal spirit of fair harmony I offer a problem whose every piece is allotted an equal share of the burden; and since a 50-mover may be too troublesome we may as well

A: R. Anton 1953

B: Anonymous

celebrate the pentecost by a 5-mover with each of 5 chessmen contributing one move towards the mate. Fittingly, I can offer no more nor less than 5 ladder-points for this, even though it may not be quite as generous as the 6 points—or, more precisely, the twice 3 points—to be garnered for **B**; this is a dual purpose problem, being a2-mover as well as a sui-mate in 2. **C** is a 7-mover and should be quite a bargain for 7 points, even though we have to observe the author's special condition that neither R nor P is to be moved in contriving the mate. **D** is a sui-mate, and indeed one of the most brilliant pieces by one of the greatest contemporary specialists in this field. In rating it 7 points I do not feel particularly generous, the less so since two answers are required. But perhaps that very qualification may serve as a helpful hint. Remove, then, the P on d7 and see how easily the sui-mate can be contrived; it can, in fact, be achieved in a mere two moves. Then replace the Black P and, hey presto, we face a real problem. It will now take all of 12 moves for White to force Black to mate him, and for ten of those moves—this is my last hint and the most helpful of all—the Q has to travel halfway round the board and all the way back again, just so as to snatch that troublesome P en route. **E** is an endgame study remarkable for its author's ingenuity in expressing a wealth of ideas with the utmost economy of material. In rating it a mere 7 points I will add the helpful hint that White, unable to avoid the loss of a piece, throws both of them to the Big Black Wolf and yet succeeds in achieving a draw.

C: R. Anton 1953

D: J. Krejcik 1912

E: A. Wotava 1951

F: A. P. Gulyev

F—White to win—is quite a beauty, and if I am to rate it 8 points—so as to achieve the grand total of 40 to be garnered this holiday week-end—I must not offer any helpful hint.

Usual prizes. Entries by June 6.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 292. Set May 7.

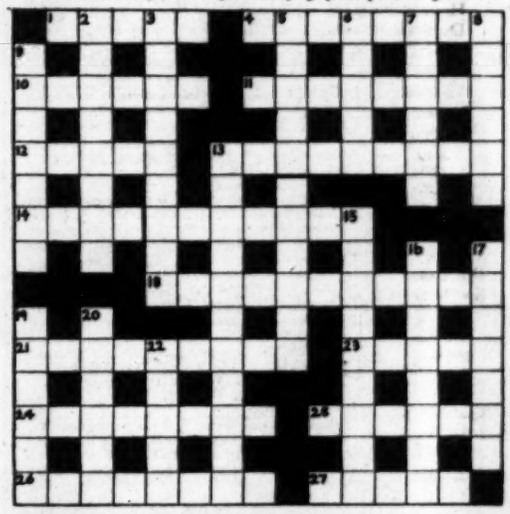
A: (1) KR-K1, P-Kt3 to guard against Q x P ch. But now (2) R-K8 was decisive.
B: (1) R-KR8, K x Kt, (2) B-Kt5, K x R, (3) B-B6 mate.
C: (1) Kt-K7, K x P, (2) Kt-R3, R-Kt6, (3) Kt-B4!, R-B6, (4) K-K8, R x Kt, (5) Kt-Q5 ch, etc.

An easy lot and dozens of correct solutions. Prizes shared by C. H. Brown, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. C. Cock, W. T. Maccall, M. Rumney.

ASSIAC

Election Crossword: No. 154

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 154, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 7.



ACROSS

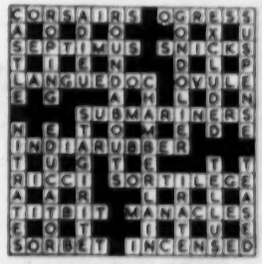
1. Beats up certain M.P.s (5).
4. If there were no knight returned here, this politician would be a fool (8).
10. The moral of 8? (6).
11. Allowed to become a member, it is confessed (8).
12. Peer as juror (5).
13. Gallery people (9).
14. The party leaders finally have the communist in their control (4, 7).
18. Tory steeped in the unchanging (11).
21. Though they finish as highly skilled people they wanted power for the workers (9).
23. Politician's name like a peak (5).
24. The sun retreats before an atomic explosion; it is scented (8).
25. Controls on the farm? (6).
26. For a piece of legal business action is required before voting (8).
27. Indication of choice; this man would make an M.P. (5).

DOWN

2. In the election things are broken all around us (8).
3. Lengthens professional political pamphlets (9).
5. How to make sure of a copy of the agenda? (5, 6).
6. Govern in the way to cure ignoble minds (5).
7. Something easy for an M.P.? (6).
8. Bare policy of the conservatives in changing their minds (6).
9. Without a liberal the discoloured would be badly patched (7).
13. Hot weather is deadly for the politician (11).
15. The smearer needs his head altering to have the potential to retract (9).
16. Observers discover their cue in Hitler's bodyguard (8).
17. Skill often seen after the election (7).
19. In our time the family is independent (6).
20. Chancellor with a single for a test captain (6).
22. Walker is right up above a member (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 152



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 152

P. Poulard (Thornton Heath), P. A. Drillien (Harpenden), J. Kliman (Newcastle).

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

IDEAL Holidays or Week-ends in unspoilt rural Essex, varied recreations, golf nr. Excellent table. Lic. Brochure: Lt. Bardfield Hall, nr. Braintree. Gt. Bardfield 241.

KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful views, first-class food. Anne Horner. Tel 508.

ENJOY Your Summer Holiday at Normanhurst, the small friendly South Coast Hotel. 5½/7½gns., fully incl. Rec. by rdrs. Meat/Vegetarian. Illus. brochures. Own beach hut. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

HOLIDAYS. Come to glorious Devon. Early & summer holidays. No vacs. Aug. 3 miles golden sands. Reduction for early season. Children welcome. Also furn. bungalow to let June 4-18, July 2-9. Tel. 44, M. M. Garness, Sea-View, Woolacombe.

AN ideal holiday or weekend in Surrey Pinehills: swimming, tennis, dancing. Treetops Holiday Camp, Farley Green, nr. Guildford. Tel. Shere 107.

ROSELAND, Cornwall. Small guest house on sea edge. Quiet. Lovely sands, safe bathing. Vacancies June, July. Mrs. Job, Tirva, Veryan. Tel: Veryan 350.

FOR a quiet country week-end, stay at the Angel Guest House (13th Century), in the National Trust village of Lacock, Wiltshire. Bed & Breakfast 16s. 6d.

FAMILIES, specially those with tiny babies, made very welcome at Brewery Farm House, Great Mongeham, Deal (1195). 2½ miles from the sea on bus route. Cots, prams, high-chairs, play-pen, etc., included. Brochure with pleasure.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

BUTTERMERE, Lake District. Visit Hasness, the first hotel to be opened in Britain under the National Parks Act. Incl. terms from 5gns. weekly. Write to Manager, Hasness, Buttermere, Cumberland. Buttermere 209.

KENT, wooded Downs, XV-Cent. Farmhse. nr. Canterbury-Hythe. 5gns. wk. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted (Tel. 353), Ashford.

SOUTH Devon—best touring centre, sea, country & moors. 4½-6½gns. Children welcomed. Special prices. Write or 'phone, Tower Guest House, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbot 441.

DEVON: Guest hse. nr. beach. Gd. food. Mod. terms. Higher Peaks, Westward Ho.

FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures. 3s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Blazing log fires welcome you and a friendly staff look after your comfort. Good food is a speciality here. Sharpthorne 17.

BEXHILL—Whitsun vacancies. Country House near sea. Own produce. Children welcome. Terms mod. "The Thorne," Ninfield Rd., Bexhill-on-Sea. (Ninfield 212.)

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London. 7gns. p.w. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead.

MOUNTAIN Guest House, families welcome. Walking, climbing. Good food. Hot water. Paul and Beryl Work, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Old Norton House, only in its third season, has built a reputation for its cooking, its rooms and furnishings, its atmosphere and unique posn. on the Green of this famous seaside and downland village. Overflowing for Whitsun—but some rooms free in May/June, July. Aug. is difficult. 8 & 9gns. Brochure with pleasure. Tel. 3120. Prop. Donald Chapman.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers ideal accom. for country-lovers. Good food, comfort, delightful surroundings.

PEMBROKESHIRE: nature-lovers welcomed; historic house, woods, lakes, farm; modern amenities; sea near all sides. Lockley, Orielton Nature Reserve, Pembroke.

CARR-BRIDGE. Struan House, Inverness-shire. Country house, large garden, own poultry. Excellent centre for walking and climbing in Cairngorms, motoring in Highlands, golf, fishing. Brochure. Tel. 242.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' House. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waverley," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Crinchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking. 7½gns. Bwich Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside with good food, comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Bus to Eastbourne. Te Whare Hostel, Horsm. Horsm Rd. 52.

FRENCH Riviera: Sévigné Hotel, Roquebrune, Cap Martin. 1 mile Monte Carlo. Flowered terrace o/looking sea. Unique situ. Excellent food. Mod. terms. Marcel Rodenne.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts. 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

SPEND holidays in France in homely hotels: Hotel Rocharvor, Perros-Guirec, Brittany, fine beach. Terms 900-1,400. Hotel Arbetets, St.-Gervais (H. Savoie), alt. 3,200ft., facing Mt. Blanc. Terms 1400-1800.

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

PERSONAL

COUPLE with baby vacationing Riviera last wk. June, July, sks. educ. yng. lady help with child. Expenses, small sal. Box 7343.

UNIVERSITY lecturer, wife and baby (12 months) require furnished house or flat in London area, for all or most of July, August and September. Box 7334.

YOUNG woman teacher bringing up children alone, boy 4, girl 6, seeks congenial living arrangements, Wimbledon/Mitcham area, providing some companionship, possibly mutual help with children, etc. Suggestions welcomed. Box 7151.

INTELLIGENT girl wanted to live as family and help with 3 schoolgirls and baby. Mod. house, diy. help kept. Salary according to age. Apply Mrs. J. Bronowski, The Square House, Cleeve Hill, Cheltenham.

MOTHER'S Help, educ. German girl, 17, capable in house, wishes improve Engl., live as family in exch. services. Box 7156.

YOUNG man, student, holidaying abroad summer sks. companion (m). Box 6910.

EXCHANGE: German girl (17) wishes stay au pair with English family July 1 to Sept. 1. Can offer reciprocal arrangement Hamburg. English refs. Box 7299.

FOSTER-Home is required within the County of London for little girl aged 3½ years who is spastic and will need to attend a day school for physically handicapped children. Special boarding-out rates will be paid. Reply to Area Children's Officer, L.C.C., 34 Fulham Palace Road, W.6.

FRENCH girl, 24, would go to English family August/September. Wd. look after children, give French lessons. Write to N. Rauchiverger, 32 Strathmore Avenue, Hull.

HOME required for 16-year-old boy now at a school for handicapped pupils. Are there persons of very kind, patient and tolerant disposition who would receive him for holiday periods in the first place to determine whether they could give him a permanent home with the guidance and encouragement which he will need for some years? Full particulars from Children's Officer, Middlesex County Council, 10 Gt. George Street, S.W.1.

DANISH family would like educated young Englishwoman to help in modern villa in suburb of Copenhagen with light housework and care of one child. Salary. Box 7339.

GENTLEMAN (35) seeks 1/2 (m.) for car tour, Italy, Rome. June 25/July 10. Share expenses. Box 7409.

CAMBRIDGE Undergraduate, 22, well-travelled, seeks job abroad for long vac. mid-June to late Sept. Speaks fluent French, Russian, fair Spanish. Will go anywhere, do anything. Offers? Box 7168.

FOR vacation July 16-Aug. 15. Swiss couple needs small furnished bungalow or flat, mod. cons. Sea and mountain, pref. Cornwall. Box 7252.

GERMAN boy (18) wishes to stay as paying guest with English family mid-July to end August. Hughes, 250 Trinity Road, London, S.W.18. BAT. 6760.

YOUNG man motorcycling to Far East seeks companions. Box 7380.

AMERICAN student (m.), 24 (M.A.), sks. intg. summer work. Types. Box 7398.

EXPERIENCED author offers freelance services. Manuscripts, abstracts, speeches, brochures, textbooks, or what you will. Fees low, energy boundless, enthusiasm high. Write BM/LHD, London, W.C.1.

PIANIST with several years' teaching experience (Conservatoire) now teaches privately in delightful garden studio centrally situated. Apply Box 7094.

BACHELOR in his 40's, continental, seeks holiday companion, male, younger or same age, with car to travel Continent July 20 for 2 wks. Box 7117.

SPANISH girl, 16, seeks au pair mother's help or exchange July-Aug.-Sept. Write Dunt, Aribau 171, Barcelona.

MALE (20's) seeks a gay holiday nr. sea and/or hills. August. Box 7098.

BACHELOR (48) seeks male holiday companion. Sept. France/Spain. Box 7095.

FOREIGN girl reqd. as mother's help 1 yr. fr. July. Davis, Crowan, Camborne, C'wall.

PROFESSIONAL woman going S. France June 9 leisurely over Dordogne has 1 or 2 car seats vacant. KENsington 6600.

DOCTOR motoring Venice: 2 vacancies Dover 21.6. Returning 14.7. Box 7218.

CONTINENTAL students seek homes as paying guests, au pair or exchange visitors. Family Friendships Service, 46 Muswell Hill Road, N.10.

CAPABLE Jewish med. stud., f. 20, sks. July job. Anything cons. Yth. leader/drives/types/domesticated. Box 6893.

IS anyone interested in idea of starting occasional weekend parties (radius 100 miles London), for over 30's, to enjoy walking, discussions, etc. If so, please write to Box 7274.

EXP. theatre writer reqd. to advise on completed book, lyrics of Musical Play. Good terms for right man. Box 7112.

SUMMER Holiday accom. wanted for boy age 12. Parents away. Box 6940.

PERSONAL—continued

TEENAGE Holidays. Instructive and amusing Courses in Drama. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Interval Theatre Club, London, W.1. 6, 10, or 14 days, July-Sept. Fees, 4½gns.-6gns. Hostel accommodation available. Acting, expressive movement, make-up, visit back-stage London Theatre, etc. Syllabuses: Mrs. L. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Sevenoaks, Kent.

MAJORCA. Stop Press. We are pleased to announce that after successful negotiations additional air services and accommodation have now been arranged for our heavily booked holidays in Majorca from £51 10s., all inclusive. Write or 'phone immediately for exciting fully illustrated Free brochure to Dept. N.S.21, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CIT. 7163.

CRUISING on canals. Comf. cruisers for 2-6 people, 6ft headroom. Choice of 7 routes over 700 miles of canals & rivers. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Free Guide and programme from New Vistas Travel Service, Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. (Molesey 2105).

AIR travel included in 2 weeks' tours starting July 23 Switzerland, July 30 Austria (coach tour Vienna), Aug. 6 Tyrol, Aug. 14 N. Italy, Aug. 28 Yugoslavia. £32 to £42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

WALKING Tours, Mountain Centre holidays, Climbing Tours & unconventional sight-seeing holidays throughout Europe. 68-page booklet from Ramblers Assoc., 48 (M4) Park Rd., N.W.1.

PORTUGAL by Liner. 16 days inc. £39. 20 days £43. 80 holidays in 18 countries from £18 10s., 2 weeks inc. Send stamp Holiday Friendship Service, 48 Dalston Lane, E.8. CLI. 3302.

LAST Minute Continental Holidays. Not mass-produced, but individually arranged at reasonable cost, to all Continental countries. Also rail and air holidays with travel reductions with individual (not party) hotel arrangements. Special offers on Greece and the Holy Land. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd. (Department N.S.), 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 4114.

PHARAONIC—Picturesque 7th floor room in family. For ladies only. Best site & scenery. Comfort. Moderate. Reservation: Mr. Saleh Fahim, Indonesian Embassy, Garden City, Cairo, Egypt.

SPAIN, Costa Brava. Young couple offer 2 seats in their sun-roof Citroen dep. London Aug. 5 (eve), arr. London Aug. 28. £17 each. Route suggestions invited. Box 7277.

GIPSY Travel—2 horse caravans avail., tour or location, Minnesmere, Suffolk. Dets. Wheeler, Garden Cottage, Sibton, Suffolk.

ITALIAN Sunshine. Join one of our Italian parties and be sure of sunshine and good company! Special Italian bargain holidays by the sea at Cattolica, Italian Adriatic (15 days from 27½gns.) or explore Italy by private motor coach (September 3), also parties to Rome and Positano, the Dolomites and Lake Garda, Sorrento and Capri. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

ITALIAN Riviera. Young Poale Zion (Zionist Socialist Jewish Youth, 18-30) Summer Camp, July 31-August 14. Hostel accom. Swimming in grounds, cult. & soc. prog., outings, etc. £28. Details Y.P.Z. Summer Camp, 36 Wellington St., W.C.2. TEM. 2218.

REVEL in the sun (and cheaply) at Cannes or Cadiz University Summer School, from 31½gns. Write now to U.K. rep., Mary Sanger, 106 Kensington High St., W.8.

AUSTRIA! Magnificent fortnight in the Soviet Zone. Four days in Vienna; the rest among the pine-forested mountains and on the banks of the Danube. Bathing, dancing and many attractions. Aug. 7-20. All excursions optional but included in cost of £38. Send 2½d. stamp for free brochure to: Progressive Tours, Dept. D., 100a Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

DEVON holiday at minimum cost for family parties. Accom. large house 10 mins. sea Teignmouth. Adults £2 p.w., children 25s. Similinter, 32/4 Rupert St., W.1. WHI. 6411.

WAYFARERS Tour No. W3. Rail travel to Basle then coach through Northern Switzerland, Tyrol, Venice, Dolomites, Engadine, Bernese Oberland, 15 days, £47 17s. 6d. Some vacancies still available July/August for this fine tour. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, 20 Russell Square, W.C.1. Tel. LAN. 8222.

NAPLES, Posillipo, July, Aug. Englishman lets 4-room beautifully furn. flat, villa, gdn. Wonderful view, 10 mins. beach. Mod. comf. Quiet. Ideal writer, artist. No children. Refs. exchanged. Box 7114.

SEASIDE holidays for children. Picnics. Excursions. Every care. Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

SKETCHING holidays? Dobson Broadhead, R.I., prepared to take by car few pupils, cottage French Riviera, Sept. Write 68 Great Russell St., W.C.1. (HOL. 0739.)

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

PERSONAL—continued

HOLIDAYS the "En Famille" Way in Austria, France, Germany, Holland.... "To get the best out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living, new ways even of thinking." Spend your holidays abroad in the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family. Ill. Broch.: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St. W.C.2.

ACADEMIC Tours are different: lecturers from our own universities guide small parties. Accommodation is excellent yet prices low—we are non-profit making. You can still book for Hellenic Cruises, one by yacht, art tours to Spain or Classical Italy, for the French Caves or for Scandinavia and Iceland. Special reductions for students. Example: Greece, July 9-24 (by s.s. Miaulis and coach). Lecturer guide: G. S. Kirk, M.A., Lecturer in Classics, Cambridge University. £82 (Students £63). Write now for full programme to Academic Tours, 106 Kensington High St., W.8.

APPLICS. invited to form parties of 8 for fortnightly visits Spanish Med. coast, travelling Volkswagen Microbus. Box 5374.

FAMILY Holidays. You and your family will enjoy the cheerful atmosphere of our house parties by the sea (Sussex, Cornwall or Wales) or on the Italian Adriatic, in the Austrian Tyrol and Majorca. Supervision of children and special family reductions on our English parties. Ask for our "Family Holidays" leaflet! Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

INTER-Varsity club car trip to Spain, July 9-31. M. and F. vacs. Box 7404.

OCCUP. Ther. and Child Therapist, London, attending Summer School Pompeii Aug. sk. lift camping, &c. Share exs. Box 7406.

WELL-KNOWN London photographer with excellent production facilities in still and cine requires agent capable of negotiating good assignments. Commercial, industrial, architectural and cultural subjects. Box 7150.

HOSPITALITY & care for the aged or for convalescents. Garden, drawing room, central htng., lovely house. HAM. 2281.

BOOKSHOP, New, second-hand, library. Lock-up in attract. S. Lond. district where residents still read. Low rent. £750, incl. f. & f. S.a.v. (approx. £950). Box 7308.

KRISHNAMURTI. Would anyone interested, living within 20 mls. Brighton or London, care join discn. group? Box 7165.

ART students (incl. beginners) are invited to week-end course "Painting & Modelling," June 17, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also holiday course, July 22-Aug. 7.

OFFICE Accommodation: available nr Charing X including use of typewriters, duplicator, 'phone & files. Sole use of office until 2 p.m. daily. Preferably progressive organisation. Rate, £2 weekly or by arrangement. Box 7432.

EXCHANGE/otherwise. Half Villa, Copenhagen. Sun terrace, gdn. June 4-18. Haydock, c/o British Embassy, Copenhagen.

CHILDREN'S Holiday in Devon. Of interest to parents unable to be with children during holidays. A large house and garden, specially equipped for children, good food, perm. supervision, within few mins. sandy beach. For details please write Similinter, Ltd., 32-34 Rupert St. W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

COSTA Brava. Villas & Flats to let. Dr. Cooper, Blanes, Gerona, Spain.

OBLIVION averted by enduring portraits by John Vickers, the photographer who welcomes the "difficult." 29B Belgrave Road, S.W.1. VICtoria 4915.

NATURAL Eyesight Therapy (Bates Method). Mrs. M. Pearl, S.R.N., T.A., 40 Shandwick Pl., Edinburgh 2. Tel. 32354.

FORD Y type (1936), converted to utility. Generally overhauled. Dependable. £80. WIM. 6924 evenings.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Rd., W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

NO difficulty in finding Abbey Gardens if you make your appointment early enough to get one of my map cards in confirmation. Anthony Panting, Photographer: MAI. 3200 or WEL. 6655 (for messages).

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

HEAR Professor Bernal on the radio next Monday, May 30, at 11 p.m. This is the first of a series of important broadcasts by British and Polish scientists on "The Hydrogen Bomb: Atomic Energy for Peace or War?" Tune in to Warsaw Radio (Medium Wave 407 metres at 11 p.m. Repeated on Short Wave, 41 or 49 metres at 11.30 p.m.). Next Monday and every Monday and Friday in June.

PERSONAL—continued

VOLOS Earthquakes: 100,000 homeless living in tattered tents (sometimes 5 families per tent). £1 will send a big parcel to a sufferer—in your name if you wish. Money, blankets, tinned food, good clothes urgently needed help 542 families of earthquake victims and political prisoners. Send to Relief Cttee., L.D.G., 376, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

PRADES Music Festival. Will anyone going by car offer seat to single man. Share expenses. Box 7435.

PAINTING Holiday in London. Studio and outdoor. July 25-August 5. Heatherley School of Art, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

SUGGESTION reqd. hol. July 8-Aug. 1. Dolcm. Italy. F., middle-aged. Box 7141.

WIDOWER (sharing w. bachelor) offs. acc. in return for looking after daughter 11 for summer hols. Suggestions. Box 7320.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

BURGESS Hill School summer camp in Guernsey, August 2, for three weeks. 16gns. incl. air travel. Apply: Secretary, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. HAM. 2019.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship). Founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

PENMAN Club Members, throughout the world, receive market advice, and free criticism of all their MSS. S.A.E. for prospectus. No obligation. The General Secretary, Dept. S, Penman House, 378a London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

FOR Men Only! New ideas in Beach, Swim and Leisure Wear. Call or send for new 1955 illustrated catalogue. Vince Man's Shop (N.S.), 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Open until 7 p.m. Thurs., and 3 p.m. Sats.

MAN & his food will be the subject of a week-end course, "Earth & Spirit," at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, June 17-19.

FRENCH lessons given by French student. Six shillings per hour. Box 6980.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Rd., S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

DOUGLAS V. Morgan, private astrologer, would send a reliable reading of your life, for birthdate, 10s. 6d. Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

"THE Art of Seeing." Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

MOTHERS, take a complete rest this summer. Young foreign girls, willing to help with children, little housework in return for pocket money, available short/long periods. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

PUBLISH your own book. Publisher offers facilities/advice. Box 4896.

ORDINARY Writing at 110-120 word per min. All langs. Test lesson 2½d. Dutton Speedwords NS 92/3, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd., London, E.2 'Phones SHOreditch 3889/6046.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

METEOROLOGICAL Office, Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. Early application is advised. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O.10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1955 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). They must have (or obtain in Summer, 1955) a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics. Salaries £492 – £885 (London rates for men; somewhat lower in the provinces). Women's scales are somewhat lower than men's but subject to improvement under equal pay scheme. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,010-£1,185), and higher posts. Application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 852/55 (Met.).

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Professor of Mathematics, the successful applicant to take up duties in February, 1956. The present salary scale is £1,592 8s rising by annual increments of £100 to £1,792 8s per annum, but the Council may appoint an applicant at the maximum figure of £1,792 8s per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in N.Z. and London, June 15, 1955.

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Professor of Classics, the successful applicant to take up duties in February, 1956. The present salary scale is £1,592 8s rising by annual increments of £100 to £1,792 8s per annum, but the Council may appoint an applicant at the maximum figure of £1,792 8s per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on June 15, 1955.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). The College Council invites applications for the Chair of Philosophy, which will become vacant at the end of 1955 upon the retirement of Professor W. Anderson. The present salary scale (which is under review) for a University Chair in New Zealand is £1,500 rising to £1,700 by annual increments of £100, plus the recent cost-of-living adjustment of £92 8s per annum. The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience, and the Council may if it sees fit make an appointment at the maximum rate. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Duties to be assumed on February 1, 1956. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in N.Z. and London, is June 15, 1955.

SCHOOL of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Applications are invited for the post of Editorial Secretary, to carry out the routine duties of editorship in connection with the School's academic publications, principally the "Bulletin." The Editorial Secretary will work under the direction of the Chairman of the Editorial Board, and of the Librarian of the School, and will be provided with part-time clerical assistance. Some experience of editorial and/or bibliographical work and a knowledge of foreign languages (not necessarily oriental) would be an advantage. Salary according to experience and qualifications on the scale £700-£25-£800-£50-£900 p.a., with membership of superannuation scheme. Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, must be submitted to the Librarian of the School by June 13, 1955.

ASSISTANT Club Leader (woman) needed whole-time or part-time for the Frances Mary Buss House, Bow, a small residential settlement in the East End. Apply, stating qualifications, experience and salary required, to the Secretary, Society of the Frances Mary Buss House, North London Collegiate School, Canons, Edgware, Middx. Further details can be obtained from Secretary.

AUSTRALIA. University of Adelaide. Applications are invited for the following appointments, of which some are new offices and others arise from retirement or resignation: 1. Senior Lecturer in History. Preference will be given to a candidate whose special interests lie outside Australian or Pacific History. 2. Lecturer in Physical and Inorganic Chemistry. No special field of interest is specified. 3. Lecturer in French Language and Literature. Preference will be given to a candidate whose special interests lie in French literature of the Renaissance and the classical period. 4. Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering. Preference will be given to a candidate with experience in Machine Design. 5. Lecturer in Zoology. Preference will be given to a candidate whose special field lies in Vertebrate Zoology. 6. Lecturer in Mathematics. Preference will be given to a candidate whose special interests lie in Applied Mathematics. 7. Lecturer in Economics. No special field of interest is specified. At the Waite Agricultural Research Institute: 1. Plant Pathologist (Nematologist) in the Department of Plant Pathology. Duties: To undertake investigations on eelworm diseases. Little work in this field has been done previously in South Australia, and problems concerning cereal eelworm, root knot eelworm and root lesion eelworms are outstanding. 2. Agronomist in the Department of Agronomy. Duties: To undertake ecological studies of pasture plants, especially the significance of strain differences on the adaptation both of established and newly introduced species. 3. Entomologist in the Department of Entomology. Duties: To undertake investigations pertaining to Economic Entomology. Each appointment at the Waite Institute carries with it the status and salary of a Lecturer in the University. Terms: Every potential applicant is invited to seek from the undersigned*, or from the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, a copy of the detailed conditions of appointment which give particulars of general duties, tenure, study leave, promotion and travelling expenses. University Film: A potential candidate in Great Britain may also borrow from the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth a coloured film illustrating the University (including the Waite Institute) and the city and surroundings of Adelaide. Salary Scales: Senior Lecturer, £A1,500-£A50-£A1,750; Lecturer, £A1,100-£A50-£A1,450. Superannuation: On F.S.S.U. basis. Applications: Applications must include particulars of age, nationality, marital status, academic record, teaching qualifications, war service (if any) and present position; a list of publications; copies of testimonials; the names and addresses of two referees of whom enquiries may be made; a recent photograph; and a medical certificate of good health. They should be lodged in duplicate with the undersigned* not later than June 15, 1955. Statements about the Senior Lectureship in History and about the Lectureship in Economics may be had on application to the Secretary of the A.U.B.C. or to the undersigned*. Further information about any other post or about the University will gladly be supplied on request. The University Calendar may be consulted in the Library of any Australian, N.Z., or British Univ. *V. A. Edgeloe, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, S. Australia.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Candidates, preferably under 30, and qualified in jurisprudence, philosophy, or history, or generally in the social sciences, are invited to submit applications for an assistant lectureship in International Relations commencing in October, 1955. Salary scale £600 × £50 – £700 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age and experience. Candidates who expect to graduate this summer can be considered. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be received not later than June 8, 1955, by the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AUSTRALIA—University of Tasmania. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Education (Training of Pre-School Teachers). The salary scale is £A1,200-£A1,500 and appointment will be offered at a salary within the scale according to the qualifications and experience of the person to whom an offer is made. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics., in Australia and London, is June 30, 1955.

APPLICATIONS are invited from well-educated persons of good social background for a senior position on appeals staff of leading Jewish organisation; candidates should possess initiative, sound organising ability, experience at addressing meetings, flair for publicity and be fully conversant with communal and Israeli affairs. Write, in confidence, to Executive Director, Technion House, 83 Wimpole St., London, W.1.

PERSONNEL Officer (female) reqd. for London printing and card box making factory with approx. 200 employees. Company is subsidiary of large tobacco group. Age 24/35, prev. exp. essential, member I.P.M. pref. Apply giving full detls. Box 7427.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for appointment in October, 1955, to a Lectureship (salary scale £700 × £50 – £1,000; £1,050 × £50 – £1,400 per annum) or an Assistant Lectureship (salary scale £600 × £50 – £700 per annum) in the Department of Politics and Public Administration. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age and experience. Applications will be considered from (a) candidates whose qualifications include familiarity with the Russian language and ability to lecture on the government of the U.S.S.R. and (b) candidates with other qualifications in political science (institutions or theory). Applications, with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than June 14, 1955, to Sec., London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, from further particulars may be obtained.

CITY of Liverpool Education Committee. C. F. Mott Training College, The Hazels, Prescot, Lancashire. Required from September, 1955, Lecturer in Mathematics and Junior Education (woman). Good qualifications in mathematics and teaching experience essential. Salary in accordance with the Report on the Scales of Salaries for the Teaching Staff of Training Colleges, 1954. The appt. will in the first instance be non-resident. Further particulars and application form (to be returned as soon as possible) may be obtained from H. S. Magnay, M.A., Director of Education, 14 Sir Thomas Street, Liverpool, 1. Thomas Alker, Town Clerk and Clerk to the Local Education Authority.

RECORDING Officer required for Nigeria (Northern Region) Education Dept. for one tour of 12/24 months in first instance. Salary scale (including expatriation pay) £1,170 rising to £1,269 a year. Commencing salary according to experience. Gratuity at rate of £150 a year. Free passages for officer and wife. Assistance towards cost of children's passages or grant up to £150 annually for maintenance in U.K. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates must have had experience with the B.B.C. or other broadcasting or recording organisation and have had a good general education. Experience in educational broadcasts an asset. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/34772/NJ.

VICTORIA University College, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Lecturer in Classics, and invites applications from suitably qualified persons. The salary will be £892 8s. per annum rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,042 8s. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. (University salaries are at the present moment the subject of discussion between the Grants Committee and the Government.) An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. The successful applicant would be expected to take up his duties on November 1, 1955, or such earlier or later date as may be agreed upon by the Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is July 15, 1955.

LONDON County Council. Eltham Green School, Queenscroft Road, Eltham, S.E.9. Headmaster or headmistress required for this new comprehensive school for about 2,000 boys and girls to be opened in September, 1956. Appointment will probably take effect from January, 1956, for purpose of preliminary planning. The school will be in Burnham Group XXII, head's allowance (headmaster) £920; (headmistress) £825 14s. (including the addition to the allowance as the result of the gradual introduction of equal pay). The school will be able to offer various courses including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary and advanced levels) and some leading to advanced studies in catering, commerce and building. There will be a deputy head with a substantial special allowance and ample provision for other posts of special responsibility. The head will have the assistance of a full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS10/Eltham obtainable from the Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (Form TS10B for those candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and have nothing to add.) Will candidates who applied in response to the earlier advertisement for this school, under the name of King's Park School, issued in February, 1954, and who wish now to be considered for the headship, please note that fresh application will be required either on Form TS10/Eltham or on Form TS10B. No further notification will be issued and candidates who do not re-apply in response to this advertisement will not be considered for the post. Closing date for the receipt of applications, June 13, 1955. (756).

DORSET. Wanted, Sept., in Girls' Public Boarding School, Assistant Mistress to teach General Science. Post resident Burnham Scale salary. Box 6874.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College, and Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle upon Tyne. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Department. Candidates must be women graduates with an honours degree. Experience in administration, library work, records systems and writing reports would be advantageous but not essential. Salary on the scale £450-£850, with F.S.S.U. benefits. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom 12 copies of application should be sent, together with the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, not later than June 4, 1955. C. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

THE Trinidad and Tobago Electricity Commission requires a Senior Assistant Accountant. Applicants must be Chartered, Incorporated or Certified Accountants and have had experience in Industry and preferably in a Sub-Area of the Electricity Supply Industry. Preference will be given to applicants who are also Members of the Institute of Cost and Works Accountants. The commencing salary will be £1,325 per annum plus a temporary cost of living allowance of £25 per annum. A partly furnished house will be provided at a rental of £10 8s. 4d. per month plus a small extra charge for heavy furniture. An outfit allowance of £60 will be granted on arrival. The successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. First class passages for himself, his wife and two children up to the age of 18 will be provided. Leave passages to the United Kingdom or equivalent will be provided every three years. Vacation, Casual and Sick leave are on full pay. There is a pension scheme similar to the B.E.A. and Area Boards pension scheme. General details of Trinidad's climate, income tax, etc., can be obtained from the West India Committee at 40 Norfolk Street, London, W.C.2. Applications giving full details of qualifications, experience and personal particulars together with two recent references should be sent by Air Mail to reach the General Manager, Trinidad and Tobago Electricity Commission, P.O. Box 121, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I., on or before June 6, 1955.

B.B.C. requires Finnish Programme Organiser for European Services (must be British nationality). Duties: Planning broadcasts in Finnish to Finland including news and political commentaries on world scene and programmes designed to explain political, economic, social and cultural conditions in Britain, organising and superintending work of Finnish Section. Essential qualifications: Good first-hand knowledge of Finland, wide political and cultural interests, good understanding of foreign affairs. Journalistic or broadcasting experience and knowledge of Finnish language are desirable. Salary £1,110 p.a. (possible higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,440 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "923 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

FEDERATION of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Vacancies for Statisticians. Central African Statistical Office: Ministry of Finance. Applicants must be British subjects, under 30, with a First or Second Class Hons. Degree (or equivalent) in Statistics, Mathematics, Economics, or other appropriate subject. All Male applicants must have taken a University course in Statistics or passed the examinations of an approved statistical society. For Women entrants, who must be single, preference will be given to those whose degree includes statistics as a main subject. N.B. Applications will be considered from students taking Finals in June. Starting salary (men) £800-£1,100, depending on qualifications and experience, on scale rising to £1,600. Women, £680-£840, depending on qualifications and experience, on scale rising to £1,280 p.a. Application forms and further details from the Secretary, Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2. Closing date June 10.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Psychiatry. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Psychological Statistics. Candidates should have an appropriate degree and experience of analysis of variance, experimental design and multivariate analysis. Familiarity with programming and Hollerith work an advantage. Salary scale £700 × £50 – £1,400 with Proficiency Bar at £1,600. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Application forms, to be returned as soon as possible, may be obtained from the Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require a Senior Assistant in the Education and Training Branch at Headquarters, London. The successful candidate will be required to assist in making known opportunities for careers in the Electricity Supply Industry. The duties will include preparation of publicity, talks to students and interviewing. Candidates should have had a high standard of education. The possession of a University Degree would be an advantage. Salary N.J.C. Grade 5 (£756 – £835 p.a. inclusive). Superannuation scheme. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, present position and salary to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley St., London, W.1, by June 3, 1955. Quote Ref. AE/594.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Administrative Vacancies in Major Establishment. An examination will be held in London on July 18 and 19, 1955, open to candidates born on or between Aug. 2, 1929 and Aug. 1, 1934, who are University graduates or undergraduates in last year of degree course. Age at Ince. for regular service in H.M. Forces. Commencing salaries according to age between £382 10s. at 21 and £541 17s. 6d. at 26. Scale rises to £701 5s. Good conditions and generous leave scales, prospects of promotion. Apply to Director of Establishments (A.2), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, for detailed leaflet and application form M.E.1. Closing date June 13.

THE West African Examinations Council. There are vacancies for posts of Assistant Registrar in the offices of the Council in Accra and Lagos. Candidates must hold an honours degree of a British University and have experience in teaching or educational administration. Salary scale £1,000×£40—£1,280 plus overseas pay in the range £275–£350, where applicable. The posts are pensionable, but contract terms at higher salaries can be arranged. Quarters with heavy furniture are provided at a rental of £75-£120 according to salary. Further details and forms of application may be obtained from The Registrar, West African Examinations Council, Box 7388. Completed application forms must be returned by June 18, 1955.

TUTORS required for Short Lecture Courses. The Education Department of the London Co-operative Society, Ltd., has vacancies for part-time tutors to give short courses of three or six lectures to its auxiliaries including Men's and Women's Guilds and Youth Groups. A number of courses are also arranged with Labour Parties and Trade Unions. While some of the appointments will be for the evening, most will be for the afternoons and are based on the following subjects: "Co-operation," "Central and Local Government," "International Relations," "Current Affairs." "Sociology." Full details from Education Sec., London Co-operative Society, Ltd., 34 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1.

SENIOR Branch of The Foreign Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about 6 posts in Grade 8/9 (Second/Third Secretary) of the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service. Age at least 26 and under 32 on August 1, 1955. University honours graduates, and other candidates with suitable qualifications and experience will be considered. Sound knowledge required of international problems. Evidence of a capacity to learn languages is essential, and there may be an oral test in a modern language. Salary scales including extra duty allowance, where payable: Grade 9, £531 to £718 (men); £713 (women). At the end of two years actual service, or on completion of probation, if later, a special increase of £50 is payable within the maximum of the scale. Grade 8, £778 to £955 (men); £749 to £858 (women). Women's scales are being improved under equal pay scheme. For further particulars (including prospects) and application forms, write Sec., Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4459/55. Complete applns. must be received by June 17, 1955.

BRUMMANA High School, near Beirut, Lebanon, requires in October arts and crafts teacher; good qualifications and some experience. The School, under the management of the Society of Friends, has a roll of 470 scholars, 225 of whom are boarders, is beautifully situated and offers excellent opportunity of travel and study to keen and energetic young man. Good salary and travelling expenses. Repatriation after 3 years' service. Applications (air mail) to Principal as above.

LONDON County Council. Poplar Technical College, Secondary Technical School; as soon as possible, qualified teacher for mathematics. Ability to offer religious instruction is desired. Burnham P. & S. salary scale plus London allowance. Application forms from Secretary at College, Poplar High Street, E.14, returnable by June 10 (688).

MARKET Research. Woman graduate in one of the Social Sciences required to train and supervise field staff, pre-test questionnaires and assist in field development of special survey techniques. Age 25-35. Must be prepared to travel extensively throughout Britain. Previous experience not required. Training will be given. Apply Box 7362.

BRITISH Film Institute invites applications for Head of its Information Department. Qualities required are skill and experience in information or library work, a knowledge of films, good business sense and administrative ability. Professional qualifications and some knowledge of foreign languages are desirable but not essential. The starting salary according to the ability of the successful applicant will be between £650 and £750 p.a. Applications should be addressed to the Secretary of the Institute at 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

TUTOR in nursery care and education wanted for Training College in Greece. Knowledge of Greece and language highly desirable. Salary: Burnham scale plus board and accommodation allowance. Applications to: The Foreign Relief Secretary, Save the Children Fund, 12 Upper Belgrave Street, London, S.W.1. Tel. Sloane 9171.

EXPERIENCED teacher for Art and Craft work required in small school for Junior Boys. Sept. or immediately. Box 7195.

PARK Prewett Group Hospital Management Committee No. 47. Basingstoke, Hants. Psychiatric Social Worker. Vacancies exist at Park Prewett Hospital, Basingstoke, for 2 Psychiatric Social Workers. Terms and conditions of service in accordance with National Scales—£500×£20—£640. Consideration would be given to unqualified persons with suitable experience—salary £395×£15—£470×£20—£610. The Hospital has all modern treatment facilities; an admission rate of nearly 1,000 per annum, eight out-patient Clinic Centres, and a Research Rehabilitation Unit. A furnished self-contained flat available to one applicant. Applications to the Group Secretary not later than June 7, 1955.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker I (exper. essential) and Psychiatric Social Worker (exper. desirable) reqd. initially at Uxbridge Child Guidance Centre. M. H. Cert. (L.S.E.) or approved equivalent. P.T.A. salary. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Divisional Education Officer, Local County Offices, High St., Uxbridge, returnable by June 3 (quote Q.472 NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

ESSEX. Residential Youth Centre, Clarance House, Thaxted. Applications invited from married couples for joint residential posts, vacant from September 1, 1955, of Warden and Matron. The Centre, with accommodation for 30 young people, has long been established as an integral part of the Youth Service in Essex. The Warden, who will be responsible for the planning and organisation of a wide variety of short courses and all ancillary matters, should have degree, social science diploma, or teachers' certificate, and experience in Youth work. Salary £525×£25 to £820 p.a. plus £75 additional allowance, additions according to the Burnham Reports for graduation and training, and increments for previous recognised service. The Matron will be responsible for general household arrangements and will act as hostess. Nursing and/or domestic science qualification(s) an advantage. Salary £370 p.a. Salaries subject to deduction of £100 each for board/residence and accommodation available for children at reasonable charge. Details and forms (S.A.E.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date June 3, 1955.

OXFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Resident Housemothers required at Woodeaton Manor Junior Residential School for educationally backward children near Oxford (80 places). Responsible for general care and supervision of 15-20 children, with some light domestic assistance. Preference given to candidates with experience in a residential establishment for children. Salary within scale £350×£15–£410 per annum. A deduction of £108 per annum will be made for full board and lodging. Good (single) accommodation, holidays, and other facilities. Form of application sent on request to A. R. Chorlton, Director of Education, County Offices, Oxford.

READING Education Committee. Children's Hostel, 2 St. Peter's Hill, Caversham. Resident Woman Assistant required to commence duty in September. The hostel accommodates twelve children (girls and boys) who attend local schools. It is administered in co-operation with the Child Guidance Clinic. Applicants should be interested in the various implications of residential care and in fitting children for normal home life. Salary scale: £320×£15–£365 per annum, less £108 per annum for board, lodging, etc. An additional payment may be made for approved qualifications. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from Dr. Ella Ward, Berkshire Child Guidance Clinic, 27 Kidmore Rd., Caversham, Reading. Completed application forms must be returned to Dr. Ward not later than June 3, 1955. (Signed) P. S. Taylor, Chief Educ. Officer, Educ. Office, Blagrave St., Reading.

CHILD Care. Community School for maladjusted children seeks for September help with spare-time activities, hygiene, general supervision, games or music. Would suit Social Worker, young teacher or child care worker, etc., who would like to live and work with children. Apply: Principal, Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Shrewsbury.

WANTED, Assistant Matron to take charge of group of boys aged 11-14 years. Must be interested in the problems of maladjusted and deprived children. Some experience desirable. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

LONDON County Council. Young women of good general education wishing to make child-care their career are invited to apply for resident positions as Student Housematrons at boarding special schools for handicapped children. Salary, at age 18, £280 10s., age 19 £293 5s., age 20, £306, age 21 and over £318 15s.×£12 15s.–£331 10s. Each less £94 for board, lodging and laundry. These posts offer opportunity for worthwhile work while training in schools providing pleasant accommodation and surroundings. Application forms, returnable by June 4, and further details from Education Officer (Estab. 6/680/F), County Hall, London, S.E.1.

FAMILY Service Units has vacancies for social workers, men and women, for the extension of its intensive casework with problem families. Training provided. Details concerning salaries, qualifications, etc., from Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

YOUTH Leaders Wanted for September by the Birmingham Settlement. (a) Man, preferably experienced, for junior and adolescent boys. Emphasis on small groups with good voluntary workers. Scope for development and for building up mixed work. Salary from £250-£300 p.a. according to experience, plus residence valued at £180 p.a. If married there could be a joint appointment with wife acting as girls' Club Leader (see below) or as Cook-Housekeeper; 25 residents, modern kitchen, Aga. Salary from £200 p.a. (b) Woman for junior and adolescent girls' clubs. Opportunity for initiative and development in girls' and mixed work. Salary from £200-£250 p.a. according to experience, plus residence valued at £180 p.a. In both instances good premises are available and students and voluntary workers help with all age groups. Interesting work in a re-development area. Superannuation scheme. Applications, with copies of two testimonials and particulars of two referees to the Warden, Birmingham Settlement, 318, Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

LONDON County Council. Assistant Organiser of Children's Care Work required mainly for work of moral welfare of children in South-East London. Experience in moral welfare work essential; training and/or degree or diploma in social science desirable. Salary: £478–£637. Application forms, with full details, from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/G), County Hall, London, S.E.1, must be returned by June 3. (667.)

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Hatfield School, Roe Green Lane, Hatfield. Temporary Bursar required. Post may become permanent. Salary scale £395×£20–£435. Apply in writing, stating qualifis. and names of two refs. direct to Head at School.

CHILDREN'S Service — Housemistress (res.) req'd. at Gisburne House, L.C.C. approved school, Watford, Herts, for 40 senior girls. The Officer appointed will be concerned also with rehabilitation work and should be a psychiatric social worker or have comparable qualification or experience. Salary: Within scale £439 17s. 6d.–£726 15s. p.a. acc. to age and/or exper., less a prescribed charge for board, lodging, etc. 8 weeks leave. Further details and applic. form (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/577), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

YOUNG Housemother required to look after a small group of slightly backward small children; supervise out of school activities; take care of clothes, etc. 10 weeks' school holidays. Good prospects for the right person. Apply to The Principal, Salmon's Cross School, Reigate.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of full-time resident youth leader in a mixed youth club in Chelsea. The post will be vacant in September. Salary £400 rising to £450 less small deduction for accom. Pension scheme. Apply with full details of exper. and copies of testimonials to: Org. Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., N.W.8.

CASE-worker for three days a week for East London Settlement, experience preferred but not essential. Salary £2. Apply Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, Cumberland Road, E.13.

COVENTRY Corporation Children's Department (second advertisement) require Child Care Officer (female). Social Science Diploma, or Home Office Certificate essential. Salary according to Grade APT1, plus £19 10s. in certain circumstances. Details and application forms from Children's Officer, 38 Bayley Lane, Coventry.

A COOK and a Gardener, M. or F., wanted for small, mostly vegetarian Home for Backward Boys in Berks. Willing to be helped and hindered by the pupils. Box 7143.

PAUL and Marjorie Abbatt, Ltd., 94 Wimpole St., W.1, require a young woman as permanent Showroom assistant. For the right person, who must have some knowledge of children's play requirements combined with an interest in business and selling, this would be a most congenial job in a friendly, progressive company. Apply stating age and exp. by letter only to N/S at above address.

ADMINISTRATIVE Secretary required for educational training establishment in N.W. Surrey. Duties will comprise: Supervision of premises, general assistance of the Director in a programme of expansion, including publicity. Good style of English and shorthand-typing essential. Must have initiative, be able to work independently, to deal with inquiries and to contact people. State age, experience, salary expected and give references, to Box 7346.

WORKERS' Educational Association London District requires competent secretary to take charge of small office. Applications will be considered from experienced shorthand-typists with knowledge of accounts and interest in adult education. Five-day week. Hours 9 to 5. Superannuation. Salary scale £350 to £450 p.a. Write: Secretary, 28 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

OLD-Established publishers require sec.-shorthand-typist. No Sats. Box 7445.

SECRETARY with initiative to help in work for disabled people. Graduate preferred, good shorthand/typing speeds essential. Replies to Registrar, British Council for Rehabilitation, Tavistock House (South), W.C.1.

FABIAN Society reqs. Secretary/shorthand typist, £6 5s. p.w. plus increments. 5-day week, 4 weeks' paid holiday. Interesting work. Applics. for half-time appointment will be considered. Apply in writing to Gen. Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind requires experienced shorthand-typist; also clerk-typist used to figure work. Progressive salary. 9-5.30. No Sats. Pension Scheme. Write or phone Staff Sec., 224 Gt. Portland St., W.1. EUS. 5251.

THE National Union of Students requires a temporary clerk from 4-6 months, max. age 30 yrs., £6 per week. Please 'phone EUSton 2184, Vacation Work Organiser.

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SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Shakespeare Institute. Applications are invited for one or more scholarships, of the value of £245-£285, tenable at the Shakespeare Institute for the session 1955-56. Successful candidates will be expected to pursue literary or historical research within the period 1500-1640. Applications, which should include the names of two referees, must reach the Assistant Registrar, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3, not later than June 6, 1955. G. L. Barnes, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 15.

THREE Junior Scholarships offered by Little Abbey School, Newbury, value £50 p.a. each, to boys under 9 on July 1 who are not already attending a similar preparatory boarding school. Exam. and interview July 7. Full fees £70 per term. Lovely country surroundings. Particulars: Headmaster.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont. from p. 766

OXFORD Vacation Course in Education, July 28-August 11, 1955, including lectures on "Planned Education—a Contradiction in Terms?"; on the teaching of school subjects; on "The Christian Faith and its Setting in History"; and discussions on special problems. Visiting lecturers include Lady Ogilvie, Professor Coulson, R. H. S. Crossman, Dr. R. M. Hutchins, Professor Lester Smith. Further particulars from The Director, Oxford University Department of Education, 15 Norham Gardens, Oxford (marked "Vacation Course").

CANFORD Summer School of Music. Director: Noel Hale, F.R.A.M. August 7 to 21, 1955. Lecturers and conductors include: Malcolm Arnold, Antonio Brosa, Archie Camden, Douglas Cameron, Carl Dolmetsch, Charles Groves, Trevor Harvey, Evelyn Rothwell, Bernard Shore, Leslie Woodgate. This year's courses include: Choral, madrigals and motets, full orchestra, pianoforte, violin and viola, violoncello, recorders, school music, folk dancing. An ideal holiday with music in lovely surroundings 8½ miles from Bournemouth. Prospectus and all particulars from F. Jackson, Organising Secretary, Desk N., 20 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2. Early application is advised.

THE French Universities are organising holiday courses in Paris, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Caen, Cannes, Dijon, Grenoble, Montpellier, Nice, Pau, La Rochelle, Saint-Malo, Strasbourg, Tours. For particulars apply to the Cultural Attaché to the French Embassy, 22, Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.1.

THINKERS' Holiday Organisation. 1955 Summer School: "Democracy in the Atomic Age," Buxton, August 13-27. Speakers include H. J. Blackham, Prof. E. Devons, Prof. S. E. Finer, the Rev. G. I. G. Grieve, Wilfrid Harrison, Sir Will Lawther, Prof. H. Levy, D. A. Routh. For details apply to T. H. O., 8 Kenton St., London, W.C.1. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

HOLIDAY course for Continental students. The 9th Course will be held this summer from July 21-Sept. 1. Young people of all nationalities welcome. English lectures. Graduate staff. All sports. Large estate. Private beach, and plentiful food. Prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CHAMBERS'S Journal, June, 2s. Selected from the contents: "Untie Us!" Tiemakers' sales are assured by a tyrannical social convention. "Rain the Bird Killer." Rain means death to countless thousands of seafowl. "Musicians of the Queen." They bring credit to themselves, to their regiments, and to the armed forces of the Queen. "A Japanese Saint." Like Brother Lawrence, Dr. Kagawa believes God is amongst the pots and pans. "Stone-Wheel Standard." The remarkable currency of the island of Yap. "Science at Your Service" (Recent Inventions). A Car Hose-Brush, Electric Scissors, Rubber Roller Latches, a New Lawn-Mower, Chlorophyll and Silver, Reducing Humidity, and others.

JUNE "Labour Monthly" out this weekend. Zero Hour Chance (R.P.D.), New Hope in Europe (Quaestor). At Bandung (Chou En-lai), Einstein's Place in History (J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.), Guatemala A Year Later (A. B. Magil), Maxton and the I.L.P. (W. Gallacher). "Guatemala"—Mural by Diego Rivera, 1st reproduction in Britain. Order 1s. 6d. all agents, or half-year's subscription 9s. from N.S., 134, Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

BOOKS! Books! Books! The biggest Book Sale you've ever been to! Thousands of book bargains from all lands, on all subjects, at Collet's Giant Book Sale, for one month only, May 31-June 25. Weekdays 9.30-6. Saturdays 9.30-4. Collet's Exhibition Hall, 45 Museum St., London, W.C.1 (1 minute from British Museum).

CONCERN for shareholders: U.S. firms in Britain; Infant Mortality. "Labour Research," 9d. 2 Soho Square, London, W.1.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, 13s. 6d. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

SOVIET Historians and British Historical Journals: Survey. Subjects of Doctoral Theses in U.S.S.R. etc. Soviet History and Archæology Bulletin. Vol. 2, No. 2. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.)

READERS of "The New Statesman and Nation" will be interested in the "International Journal of Sexology." This Journal with Editors in 23 countries discusses at a sober, scientific and yet intelligible level the various problems of sex referring to human relations in the field of social, marital and personal life. It is run on non-profit basis. Subscription £1 2s. p.a., post free (4 issues); single copy 6s., post free, from British Agents: A. Vernon Keith & Co., Dept. IJS, Napier House, 24/7 High Holborn, W.C.1.

SCHOOLS of Science in U.S.S.R. (Kunyants & Zubkov); Underground Gasification of Coal (Lavrov); New Developments in Planning Science, etc. Soviet Science Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 2, From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8, or bookshops. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.).

"COMPREHENSIVE Schools To-day," by Robin Pedley. Councils & Education Press, Ltd., 10 Queen Anne St., W.1. 3s. 6d.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

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GERMAN literature bought and sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane E.1. By appointment only. MOU 1482.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

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LONDON. Broadway House Hotel, 39-40 Dorset Square, N.W.1. Close Baker St. Station. Bed and breakfast 17s. 6d., other meals if required. H. & C. all rooms, some rooms always available. Write or 'phone PAD. 1451.

MAIDA Vale. Pleasant divan-room, use k. & b. 2½gns. inc. Lady. CUN. 1430.

LIGHT & friendly furn. bed-sitter, basin, ckg. facils., use bathrm., in mod. house. 37s. 6d. p.w. GLA. 5829 after 5.30 p.m.

ST. JOHN'S Wood. Charm. furn. 2 room flatlet, sunny, overlkg. garden, priv. res., reasonable to quiet tenant. MAI. 5647.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

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DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf, dinner opt. Moderate.

BOARDING Accommodation with social amenities for ladies and gentlemen under 35, from 47s. 6d. to 85s., partial board. Applic. forms and information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

WEST Dulwich, large room, friendly household, use kitchen, garden. Quiet atmosphere, suit artist, writer. Reas. rental. 12 Alleyn Park, S.E.21, after 5.30.

VERY pleas. B/S. overlkg. Barnes Common offd. by grad. cple. 45s. PRO. 6418.

CHARMING furnished room in quiet house offered to gentleman. Phone: HAM. 7811 after 7 p.m. or on week-end.

LARGE furn. rm., Chelsea, share kit., bath., 'phone, £2 5s. p.w. inc. heat, light & ckg. FLA. 9500 before 12 a.m. Box 7309.

HAMPSTEAD, next Heath, 5 mins. Tube. Furn. rooms, every conven., 18th Cent. hse. Suit overseas visitors. Refs. HAM 6180.

OFFERED at £5 monthly: Nice div. rm. (own ckg. facs.) all equipment, use bath., tel., to prof. person (lecturer, traveller, &c.) needing "part-time" acc. within reach Town (Finchley). Box 7155.

TO let London, July-Sept. 3-rmd. furn. flat at mod. rent. Sleep 3, bath., h.c. Write Box 6958.

SELF-cont. furn. ground-fl. flat with gdn., vsc. 3 mths. from June 19. Lge. lounge & bedroom (2 beds), morn. rm. with divan. Small kit., bthrm. & toilet. Hampstead, N.W. London. 8gns. p.w. Box 7237.

PUTNEY House, one acre garden, 4 bed., 2 reception rooms, tennis court, paddling pool; maid if reqd. Whole or part to let July 28-Sept. 10. Very reasonable rent to reliable tenants. Box 6951.

BACHELOR wishes share his 4-rm. furn. flat with another. Separate bath & toilet. H. & c. All cons. S.W.12. BAL. 3955.

PROFESSIONAL person offered charming s/c flat, cons. h.w., gdn. Richmond. Continental meals optional. Box 7359.

PROF./bus. lady invtd. share flat with 1. Nr. Chalk Farm Und. stn. Box 7433.

MAIDA Vale. Bed-sitting room with use of kitchen. £2. MEA. 3635.

TO let. Well-furn. single bed-sitting room. Modern house. HAM. 8698.

FOR Professional Women. Unf. flats, 1 room plus own kitchen, use bath. £2 p.w. Muswell Hill, Streatham, &c. Beard & Son, 109 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 3404.

CORNWALL, between Looe & Polperro (4 mins. sea). Bookings now. Furn. cottage, bungalow, caravan. Private grounds. All amenities. Mains. S.a.e. reply Box 7350.

ST. John's Wd. Comf. rm. B. & b. mod. con. Bus. pers. CUN. 7085 after 7 p.m.

SUNNY divan-room, furn., comf., ckg. facils. Bath, tel., c.h.w. 37s. 6d. p.w. Tel. PUT. 4148 evgs./wk.-end.

THIRD (m.) rqd. to share graduate's flat. West Hamp. £2 10s. p.w. Box 7364.

CARAVAN hols. Sea, Isle Sheppey. From 1½gns. wkly. Ashford (Mdx.) 4329.

TO let August: large house with studio and garage, interesting industrial part of South Wales, near beautiful country. 10gns. p.w. Box 6915.

SECLUDED Caravan on small organic farm, lovely walking country. 2 adults. 1 child. 3gns. Weir, Beech, Alton, Hants.

FURNISHED Seaside Cottage near Mundesley, Norfolk. 2 bedrooms. Electricity. May/July & Sept., 5/7gns. Box 7124.

IMPECUNIOUS woman graduate (B.B.C.) wants furn. or unfurn. accom. with kitchenette, Central London. Box 7187.

TIRED business woman shs. unfurn. 2/3-rm. flat, mod. amenities but some charm. Approx. £200 p.a. Easy access W.1. Box 7341.

UNIVERSITY man, early 30s, requires one or two rooms with board in St. John's Wood/Maida Vale area. Can provide own furniture if necessary. Box 7306.

ARTIST & wife buried in basement seek furnished living accommodation above ground; reasonable rent. Box 7310.

COLONIAL Officer & wife require furn. flat, 2 rms., kit., bath., for June and July. Hampstead area. Box 7092.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

S/C furn. flat to let, Golders Green (just off shopping centre), 3 rooms, bathroom, kit. (morning room). Mod. rent. HAM. 2791 betw. 10-6. SPE. 0715 aft. 7 p.m.

TWO women undergrads. want flat, two rooms, kit., would share bath, c.h.w. £4 p.w. W.1, N.W.1. Box 7243.

PERFECT progeny/percussion, s/c, gdn. flat. Contemp. brand new decs., fittgs., but furn. definitely 2nd hnd. Living, bed., kit./bath., hall, cellarage. Cent., N.W.1. 10 min. Piccadilly. £6 6s. p.w. Box 7338.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED—continued

CORNISH coast, two cottages to let furnished. X.61, Smiths Library, Penzance.

FLAT (furnished), 2 rooms, off Ladbroke Grove. £4 per week. Box 7311.

DOCTOR and family returning for 12 months from Sept., 1955, require furnished flat or house, 2 or 3 bedrooms, London area, easy access to town. Box 6701.

AFTER months in grave 3 yng. people desp. ak. unmumblike furn. s/c flat. Domest./sec. work twice week in exch. reas. rent. Refs. Joseph, TER. 9276.

YOUNG cple., baby imminent, seek flat, use gdn. Mod. rent. Offer practical assistance/daily free lift sidecar City reas. dist. Suggestions welc. Box 7217.

CAN any gallant reader elevate young mother (daugh. 2½ yrs.) from Hades to Utopia by offering part./unfurn. flat, pref. N. London? S/C., reas. rent. Box 7201.

UNFURNISHED or part-furnished flat, Hampstead Village area urgently reqd. by doctor's secretary. Mod. rent. Box 7176.

TWO or three English business ladies urg. req. furn. flat within 30 mins. W. Rnd. Own kit. essent. Esc. refs. FRE. 5790.

AMERICAN academic family, 3-year-old girl and baby coming, desire inexpensive furnished flat near a playground for year commencing July. Prefer Hampstead. Can pay in dollars. Box 7105.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

SUFFOLK (9m. Aldeburgh). Charming small house, all modern conveniences, light, airy, lovely views. Freehold. 3 good bedrooms, 2 large sitting. Outbuildings include 2 garages, greenhouse, etc. Small well-laid-out garden. Help available. Price £4,250. Possession on completion. Substantial mortgage offered. View Whitsun or other time by appmt. Write J.R., Chilling Street Cottage, Sharpthorne (81), Sussex. Wkdys. HOL. 8471.

BLACKHEATH area: £2,800 Freehold spacious semi-detached house, 13 rooms, partial central heating, large garden, garage, near rail & bus. Vacant possession in three months. Box 7129.

SML. Georg. House, Suffolk. Hall, sit., din., 3 bd. K. B. (H. & C.), 2 w.c.s. Mod. drain. Gdn. Orch. Gar. Fhold. Box 6978.

RIVERSIDE Cottage, lovely village off A3, London 33 miles. Elec., water, newly dec. £650. Fhld. Phone KIN. 3102.

EAST Devon, 1 mile from sea. Restored and converted barn, secluded in beautiful rural setting. Living room, kitchen, bathroom, 2 bedrooms, garage, spacious outbuildings, ¼-acre land. Mains water, elec., tel. £1,500. Box 6242.

CORNWALL. Charming old cottage, spacious, comf. modernised. Lovely country. 6 rooms, bath & kitchen (h. & c.). Modern sanit. Own electric. Garage. Gdn. £2,000. Cockren, Draynes, St. Cleer, Liskeard.

HOUSEBOAT for sale: 70ft. Sleep 8. Delightful East Coast mooring. 30 miles London. £300. Further details: Martin, 25 Wetherby Gdns., S.W.5. FRE. 9455.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Last 2 days, "Spanish Fiesta." Coming June 3, "Legend of Pepito," by Ted Allan. Tu.-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 and 8.30.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Tn. Hall), Tavistock Rep. in "The Gentle People," last 2 perfs. tonight Fri. & tomorrow 7.30. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by William Shakespeare, in the beautiful Tower Garden, opens Fri., June 3, 7.30. Also Sat., 4, 3 & 7.30, Thurs., 9, Fri., 10, 7.30, Sat. 11, 3 & 7.30. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., bookable CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), St. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Midnight Family." Mems.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. "Russian for Yes," comedy on Anglo-Soviet relations. Mems.

SHANTA Rao, India's great dancer, public performance at Fortune Theatre, June 10, 8.15 p.m. Book through Scala Box Office, MUSeum 5731.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., May 28, Kirk Douglas in "The Champion" (A), 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Spring Marx Brothers Festival. Until May 29: Horse Feathers (U). Fr. May 30: Duck Soup (U).

INTELLECTUAL Montage: Eisenstein's "October." Sun., June 5, 7.30, Club Internat., 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Join now.

SOVIET Children's Films: Journey to Moon (1st British showing); Happened in the North; Naughty Kitten; Day at Moscow Zoo. For ages 8 plus. No adults without children. Tu. May 31, 3 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s. children (adults 2s. 6d.).

I.C.A. Dancing to the Dave Stevens Trio, Sat., May 28, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday, June 5, at 3. London String Quartet, Moiseiwitsch (piano), John Shinebourne ('cello). String Quartet in B flat (The Hunt), Mozart; String Quintet in C, Op. 163, Schubert; Piano Quintet in F minor, Op. 34, Brahms. WAT. 3191.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Pergolesi, Vivaldi, Scarlatti, Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm., Sat., May 28, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

WHIT-Monday at 7.30, Royal Festival Hall. Iso Elinson in "Emperor" and Schumann Piano Concertos with London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Stanley Pope. Overture to "Don Giovanni" (Mozart), "Italian" Symphony (Mendelssohn). 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. WAT. 3191. Mgt. Nicholas Choveaux, 28 Bury Walk, S.W.3.

LONDON String Trio. Beethoven programme: String Trios and Serenade. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sat., June 4, at 8.15. (WAT. 3191.)

THE Organ Music Society. Recitals at the Temple Church, Fleet Street, E.C.4. Thursdays at 8, June 2: George Thalben-Ball, June 16: Francis Jackson, June 30: André Marchal, July 14: Melville Cook. Partics. Hon. Sec., 8 Methuen Park, N.10.

EARLY Polish Lute Music. Lecture-Recital by Diana Poulton at the Polish Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Thursday, June 2, 8 p.m. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS

CAMBRIDGE Society of Painters & Sculptors. First Exhibition, Arts Council Gallery, All Saints' Passage, Cambridge. June 1-15, daily except Sundays, 10.30-6.30.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice V. French 19th and 20th Century Paintings).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. Picasso—63 drawings (1953-54) and 10 Bronzes. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Until June 4.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. New Paintings by Jack Smith. Until June 4.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Sculpture and Paintings by Namba Roy. Till June 11. Tues.-Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Closed Mondays.

HAROLD Gilman. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till June 5. Weekdays 10-6 (Tuesdays & Thursdays, 10-8). Suns. 2-6. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings by Mark Tobey. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Saturdays until 1 p.m. Closed Suns. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Christoforou: new paintings. 11-5.30.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED New Turnstile Print of Hobbema's The Avenue at Middelharnis £2 5s. plus tax 10s. 8d., also Small Print of Perronneau's Girl with a Kitten 12s. 6d. plus tax 2s. 11d. From all good printshops or 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Pictures by John Piper and Chien-Ying Chang. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

CAVENDISH Gallery, 77 Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Hotel), 2nd Exhib. Unaccepted Academy Pictures. May 23-June 6, 11-1, 2-8.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Katerina Wilczynski, drawings of London and the Mediterranean. French Paintings. Private view 4 p.m., June 1.

CHRISTIAN Sculpture To-Day. St. John's Wood Church, N.W.8. Weekdays 12.30-8 p.m. Sun. 12-2 p.m. & 7.30-8.30 p.m.

NEW Lithographs by Margret Kroch-Frishman. The Everyman Foyer, Hampstead. May 2-May 30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ANGLO-German Association: A discussion between Mr. Peter Tennant, Overseas Director of the F.B.I., and Miss Alison Outhwaite, of The Economist, with Lord Pakenham as Chairman, on "Germany between East and West"—The present trend of German political thinking in the light of the Koenigswinter Conference. At the British Council Cinema, 6 Hanover Street, W.1, on Wednesday, June 1, at 6.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. (Members free.)

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., May 31, 8.15. Contemporary German Poetry. Readers: Anne and Michael Hamburger. Chairman: Herbert Read. Members 2s., guests 3s. Thurs., June 2, 8.15. Music Hall Songs. The first of two lectures by Colin MacInnes illus. by recordings. I. Poets of the Halls. Reader: Peter Forster. Chairman: Ivor Brown. Members 2s., guests 3s. Tues., June 7, 7.30, at St. Cecilia's House, 7 Carlos Place, W.1, illus. lecture "International elements in American music," by Henry Dixon Cowell, American composer. Chairman: William Glock. Members free, non-members 3s.

ALL Nations' Social Club. "West Indian Migration to Britain," by I. F. De Souza (Chief Welfare Liaison Officer, Colonial Office, to West Indians in Britain), Wed., June 1, at 8 p.m. at 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Questions and discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

PEACE Through Bombs? Trafalgar Square, Saturday, June 4, 3 p.m. Chairman: Stuart Morris. Speakers: John Ferguson, Rev. Kenneth Greet, Sybil Morrison, Christopher Farley, Rev. Ronald Redman. 5 p.m. Buffet Tea and Exhibition. The Crypt, St. Martins-in-the-Fields, followed by Meeting at which Dr. J. Boag, Vera Brittain, Denis Hayes, John Ferguson and others will answer "Any Questions." (Organised by the Standing Joint Pacifist Committee.)

MR. N. W. Pirie, F.R.S., will speak on "New Ways with Trees" at the A.G.M. of The Men of the Trees Society, Chelsea Physic Garden, Swan Walk, S.W.3, Thursday, June 9, 5 p.m. Tea 4.30. Tea tickets 2s. before June 3 from Secretary, 16, Mulberry Walk, S.W.3.

S.C.R. Science Section A.G.M. Thurs., June 2, 7 p.m. Members only.

DRAMA. Plans for a new Group Theatre under the auspices of the Ben Uri Art Society will be outlined by a well-known professional producer on Wed., June 1, at 8 p.m. at 14 Portman Street, W.1. All interested are invited to attend.

YOGA and the Human Mind. Lecture on Tuesday next, May 31, at 6.30 p.m. Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1. Subject: "Skilful Living." Arranged by Shanti Sadan, 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

"MEDICAL Effects of Radioactivity": Scientific Conference at 45 Russell Sq., W.C.1 (nr. Euston Stn.), Sat., June 4, 2.30-6 p.m. Adm. free. Details from Secy., M.A.P.W., 291 Burntwood Lane, S.W.17.

J.E.C., Adler St., E.1. Wed., June 1, 8.15 sharp. "Focus on the Colour Bar." Panel of speakers. (Refreshments.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PROF. V. Gordon Childe: "An Archæologist visits Bulgaria," Thurs., June 2, 8 p.m. Institute of Archæology, Inner Circle, Regent's Park. Adm. free. Society for Friendship with Bulgaria. All welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "After the Election": Ian Mikardo, Wed. June 1, 7.30 p.m., at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors welcome. 2s.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15 p.m., Fri., June 3. Mr. Namba Roy: "The Art and Legends of My People." 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., May 27, 8 p.m. Hon. Richard Hare, "Tolstoy, War & Peace." Fri., June 3, 8 p.m. Baron Meyendorff, "Dogma & Practice of the Revolution."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. June 4 at 6 p.m. Film: "Bitter Rice."

"LEO Hendrik Baekeland & Photographic Printing Paper," third of the Baekeland Memorial Lectures, to be given by Dr. C. E. Kenneth Mees, at the Royal Institution, 21 Albemarle Street, W.1, on Thursday, June 2, at 6 p.m. Admission free.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Literature of Power." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., May 29, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays 8 p.m. May 29: Fate & Freewill.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., June 2, 7.30. Bhagavad-Gita. All welcome.

PERSONALIST Group. Question and Answer Social on "Personal Relations," jointly with the Personalist Club. 10 Gees Court, W.1 (opp. Bond St. Tube). Wed., June 1 at 7.30 p.m. 2s. 6d., incl. refreshments. Non-members invited.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden/Grisons, Switzerland. 4,000 feet above sea level. Modern International Study Centre inspired by the teaching and spirit of Albert Schweitzer. For young people over 18 years of age and adults. A balanced education in a democratic community. Year Courses: 3 terms of 11 weeks, October until June: Tuition (German and English) in Philosophical and Social Problems, Psychology, Ethics, Education and the Arts. Language Instruction by modern methods. Sport: Mountain climbing, ski-ing, swimming, tennis. Cost: £79 per term (including board, lodging and tuition). Summer Courses in July and August, 4 courses of two weeks' duration—University lecturers—lectures and discussions about contemporary problems, mental stimulation, physical recreation, happy community life. Cost: 15s. 9d. per day (including board, lodging and tuition).

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent St., W.1. Preliminary Professional and University Entrance Department. The courses provide both day and evening classes for the General Certificate of Education. The following subjects may be taken to the Advanced Level: English Literature, French, Latin (Evening only), mathematics, history, and geography. There are courses for students over 25 years of age and for professional preliminary examinations and the Civil Service Executive (both Open Competitive and Limited) examinations. Session 1955-56 begins on September 20, 1955. Evening Classes begin on September 26, 1955 (Enrolment for evening classes: September 20, 5-8 p.m.). Prospectuses may be obtained on applic. to J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

SECRETARIAL Training Fees. Londoners £28 per annum (under 18 free). North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5. GULliver 1154.

THE Alexander Technique teaches you to free yourself of over-tension, nervines, faulty breathing and postural faults (leading to back and foot troubles). Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Square, S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: Two lectures will be given by Professor Egon Freiherr von Eickstedt (Mainz): (i) "Biological Anthropology on the Continent" at 5 p.m. on June 6 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. (ii) "The Racial History of India" at 5 p.m. on June 7 at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

BUSINESS Executives training for professional qualifications. 2-year course. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

THE Historian and his Craft. June 17-19, 1955. Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Professor Barraclough and other distinguished speakers will address weekend course at Missenden Abbey, Great Missenden, Bucks. Details from The Warden.

NEWBATTLE Abbey Adult Residential College, is now open for applications from prospective students for session 1955-56, commencing October 3, 1955. The purpose of the College is to provide a suitable non-vocational education for adults over 18 years of age. It offers courses in English Language and Literature, History, Economics and Economic History, including Trade Union History, Philosophy, Psychology, Government and Political Theory, Human Relations in Industry, and aims to fit students to take their place as good citizens with a knowledge of our free heritage. There is also accommodation for short and weekend courses by arrangement. For further information apply to the Warden, Newbattle Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

EQUALITY of Opportunity—one year residential course in liberal subjects for women (20-45) who missed their chances in education and wish to continue their studies, for personal satisfaction or as an opening to a new career. Grants available: no examinations. Details from: Secretary (S), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

WORK Study in Offices. 1 week courses June 6 & 13. N.-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Rd., N.W.5. GUL. 1154.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards), London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ADV. and Ord. Level Courses for London University General Certif. of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), also preparation for B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies). Low fees, instalments. Prosp. from Registrar (70), University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

MADAME Lami, Italian teacher of Singing. Recently arrived from Italy. Bel Canto method. Extensive operatic experience. 10 Craven Hill Gardens, W.2. PAD. 7795.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools, Aug. 6-13: Oxford. Aug. 13-20: Farnham. Alan Birch, Maurice Cranston C.A.R. Crosland, R.H.S. Crossman, Henry Fairlie, Douglas Houghton, Roy Jenkins, Ernest Jones, Richard Lowenthal, James MacColl, John Parker, J. Enoch Powell, A. J. P. Taylor, Fred Willey. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

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